

Wonders in the Sun,

O R,

The Kingdom of the Birds;

A

Comick Opera.

With great Variety of Songs in all kinds,
set to Musick by several of the most Eminent
Masters of the Age.

Written by Mr. *D'Urfey*.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn-Gate*, next *Grays-Inn Lane*. 1706.

THE Reader is desired to take Notice, That
several of the Songs will be omitted, the
Performance being too long.

TO the Right Noble, Honourable and
Ingenious Patrons of *Poetry, Mu-
sick, &c.* The *Celebrated Society* of
the *Kit-Cat-Club*.

THIS
COMICK OPERA,
IS
DEDICATED
BY THEIR

*Most Humble, and most
Dutiful Servant,*

T. D'URFEY.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Domingo Gonzales. *A Spaniard and Philosopher, over Curious in Natural Productions and Secrets in Astronomy.*
 Diego. *His Man, very Cowardly and Peevish, to find himself in such Distress, by serving his Master.*

} Belong-
ing to the
World of
the Earth.

Dæmon of Socrates.

Viceroy } *Of a Province belonging to the Empe-*
 Vicequeen } *rouer of the Sun.*

Deviling. *A Courtier and Principal Favourite to the Viceroy.*

Bellygorge. *A Bramin or Mufti.*

Coverfool. *Taylor or Dresser to the Court Solars, also Tamer and Keeper of the Monsters, Solar Philosophers, and Guards.*

} Belong-
ing to the
World of
the Sun.

King Dove.

Plumply Lord Pheasant. *A Prince of the Blood and nearly related to K. Dove.*

} High
Flyers.

Croak Lord Raven. *Lord High Chancellor and President of the Court.*

Strut Lord Cockerel. *High Steward and Constable.*

Magpy Abbot of Buzardland, and Woodcocks.

Sir Robert Red-breast. *Secretary to the President.*

Sir Pratler Parrot. *Favorite and Historian to the King.*

Sir Owle Moufer. *Kings Attorney General.*

Sir Chatter Jay, Sir John Daw, *two Eminent Lawyers.*

Sir Crane Talbird. *Captain of the Guards.*

Screechowl and Ninnyhammer, *the King's Physitians.*

Thrush, Nightingal, Blackbird, *Musicians in Ordinary.*

Sir Epicæne Bat. *A Trimmer between both Parties.*

Turtles. *Two Choristers, and Genij of the Birds.*

Eagle and Vulture. *Two Serjeants or Pursuivants at Arms.*

Mr. Baron Wigeon, and Mr. Justice Gander, *two Judges.*

} Painted
figures be-
longing to
the Kingdom
of the Birds.

} Low
Flyers.

The Scene a Luminous Country, adorn'd with Gorgeous Rays of the Sun.

Emblematical Figures, performing Odes, Dialogues, and Humorous Songs in the Prologue, and several Acts of the Comick Opera,

In the Prologue.

Genius of Poetry.

Apollo.

Calliope.

Orpheus.

Euridice.

Satyr.

In the first Act.

Honour.

Courtship.

Modesty.

Hospitality.

Vain Promise.

Flattery.

*Performers in the Vocal Musick, and Represent-
ing Vertues and Vices of a Court.*

In the second Act.

Industry.

Profusenefs.

Lewdnefs.

Infidelity.

Faction.

Moderation.

*Performers in the Vocal Musick, Representinting the
Vertues and Vices of a City; with an Emblematical
Dance of Six High-Flyers, and Low; viz. Profit, Av-
arice, Subtlety, Caution, Stubborness, Whimsey.*

In the third Act.

Sport.

Innocence.

Ignorance.

Houfwifery.

Irish

Scotch

French

English

Natives.

*Performers in the Vocal Musick Representing the
Vertues and Vices of the Country.*

Blackbird.

Turtle.

Nightingal.

Choristers.

INTRODUCTION TO THE PROLOGUE,

By the Satyr.

THis Evening's Entertainment, you may guess,
Without much Study, by my homely dress;
Satyr's the Theme, but yet so nicely shewn,
Mongst all the Faults, scarce one will see his own:
For as the Poet makes a Beast of me,
Brids, Sprights, and Monsters, all the rest will be;
This, Stealing out, I thought was fit to say,
For you'll have no set Speech before the Play.
That were to do the Rules of Opera wrong,
So, in new Mode, the Prologue's to be Sung;
An Act in length, I hope 'twon't be too long.
This Novel Whim, he hopes will please the Town,
So I sneak off, the Machine's, coming down.

[Exit.

THE

T H E

Wonders of the Sun,

O R,

The Kingdom of the Birds.

T H E

P R O L O G U E,

A L L S U N G

Prepar'd by Instrumental Musick. And after the last Symphony the Genius of Poetry appears, Crown'd with Bays and Sings.

Gen. **T**He Genius of sweet Verse am I,
 And happy Prologue to your Joy :
 'Tis I, that lasting Altars raise
 To Poets Crown'd with Sacred Bays.
 I Usher great *Apollo*,
 Whose darling Muse does follow ;
 To grace this glorious Scene,
 That must our brightest Goddesses Entertain.
 With full delight then Feast your Eyes, and Ears,
 The Soul of Musick and Immortal Wit appears,
[Exit.

Enter Apollo and Caliope.

Caliope. Divine *Apollo*, God of Joyful day ;
 Who cheer'st the World with thy Celestial Ray.

The Wonders of the Sun: or,

Inspiring all that follow thee,
With Musick and delightful Poetry.
Turn, turn, ah turn, thy dazzling Face,
Caliope to Grace.

Let thy Flame breathing Coursers Idle be,
And rest from Toyle to day, to Pleasure me.

Apello. My Love, my Muse, thou fairest of the Nine,
More Precious to me, than my state Divine.
Why would'st thou from poor Mortals take that light,
That Ravishes their Souls and Joys their sight.
Tell me sweet Charmer, tell me true,
Why you this Cruel Suit pursue?
The God of Wisdom, must have Justice too;
The God of Wisdom &c.

Caliope. Orpheus my darling Son; [*Another Movement.*
Nor is he only mine:
But all my hopes does Crown
My Soul, by being thine:
He that with God-like Grace
His Fathers Image wears,
And in whose Glorious Face
The charm Divine appears,
He shares your Musick, shares your Wit,
Celestial Verse too, Strong and Sweet;
And now on *Thracian* Plains
Regales with heavenly Lyre, the Satyrs Nymphs and Swains.

Apollio. And these soft Strains for me to hear
You'd stop the Course of my Career:
Ah, look not with that killing Grace,
Veil thy sweet Eyes, and lovely Face;
Men call me God of Wit, how can it be
When I'm thus Fool'd by my *Caliope*.

Caliope You are above what Malice so intends
No, no, *Apollio* no,
It never, never can be so;
He is not Fool'd, who greatly Condescends.

The Kingdom of the Birds.

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Apollo. My Life, my Soul, it shall be done,
The Globe to day shall want a Sun ;
Thick Foggs shall rise from foaming Seas,
The damps shall Choak mild Zephires Breez;
The Bladder'd Clouds shall burst with Rain,
And deluge o'er the Flowry Plain.
Thus once my dear to Pleasure you,
As in the Worlds affairs 'tis oft found true,
The Lesser shall be Blam'd, for what the greater do,
Calipe. This Grant has blest me, please then first to see
Some Comick Sport, a Satyrs Court to me.
Contract your Beams, and mark our Rallery.

Enter a Satyr who with Mimical Gestures addresses to Caliope and Sings.

Satyr. Last night when *Phæbus* went to Bed,
And I, my Evening Goats had Fed ;
Concluding Sport,
I Stole to Court,
To listen, what the fine Folks say'd ;
Where now my Heart is made a Prize, [*Sees Caliope.*
To one that wears black Rowling Eyes ;
Be kind then Dearest of all Dears,
For I'm in Love up to the Ears.

Caliope. If you Love me, you must prepare,
To clip your Horns and shave your Hair ;
Instead of causing Love you scare.
The Hoofs too hid within your Shooes,
In Bed a tender Maid will Bruise,
They must be par'd :

Satyr. With all heart ;
Nor will I Cry oh, at the Smart.

Caliope. Then come, and the new Mode I'll shew,
Trick and Dress ye like a Beau.

Satyr. How, shall I change this matted Hair ?

Caliope. You must a Peruke Powder'd wear.

Satyr. But then my Face's Tawny red,
What, what can mend ?

The Wonders of the Sun: or,

It must be Fley'd ;
With boyling Water I'll begin,
To Fleece ye from that fallow Skin.

Satyr. 'Twill Scald, 'tw'ill Burn.

Caliope. Fy, fy, no, no, or if it do,
Some trouble you must undergo,
Or you can never be a Beau.

Satyr. For Love of thee, I'll do't my Dear,
Say next what Habit must I wear.
Instead of hides and broad Figg Leaves.

Caliope. A Coat with Huge, long, flouching Sleeves ;
A Hat Cock'd up with Button fast,
A Steynkirk hanging to your Waist,
'Tis all the Mode.

Satyr. An Apish sham,
Gad-zooks I'm better as I am.

Caliope. Nay then farwell.

Satyr. Oh say not so ;

Caliope. Then drefs, and dare not answer no
I can Love nothing but a Beau.

Satyr Then take me and model me just to thy Mind.
[*Another Movement.*

Since Beauty much stronger, then Reason can bind,
I'll once be a Coxcomb,

Caliope. Why then I'll be kind,
Whatever Improvement from knowledge may be,
When a Female's in th' Case ;
Ev'ry Male is an Afs,
And the Man and the *Satyr* agree.
Chorus of both.

Whatever Improvement, &c.

[*She runs away, He after Her,
but seeing Apollo, runs off
Frighted another way.*

Apollo } Thus, thus will it ever be
Smiling. { Whilst Love and Beauty reigns ;
The High and Low degree,
From Kingsto humble Swains ;
The Old the Young,
The Weak the Strong ;

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The Beast the Man,
All, all, all, all, do what they can
To wear the Fair one's Chains,
And thus will it ever be ;

Whilst Love and Beauty reigns.

Caliope. With Love and Beauty Musick does agree,
Behold dear *Orpheus* with *Euridice*,
Attending by his side ;
Fair as the *Paphian Venus*, she,
And he the *Thracians* Pride.

Enter Orpheus and Euridice.

Apollo. She, to the Spring may her sweet bloom prefer,
And Rival fair *Aurora's* Grace ;
The youngster sure has just bin Courting her,
And been deny'd the kind Embrace.

Caliope. No, no, some petty Jars that rise ;
From Jealousy or Conjugal Advice,
Have been past hours beguiling :
Those who Loves flame do always melt,
And never quarrel, never felt
The Joy of reconciling.

I.

Orpheus ad-
ressing to { *Jove's* best belov'd if dear I am ; [*Another movement.*
Apollo. { Since *Orpheus*, is my happy Name ;
Remove this Clog, and do me right,
[*Pointing to Euridice.*
She now is past reproof or Grace ;
And with that Simple married Face,
Still haunts me like a Spright.

2.

Euridice ad-
ressing to { Fair Royal Muse, as from the shame
Caliope. { Of *Thetis* Bed you'd *Sol* reclaim,
Regard my Care and Aid my Cause ;
To this cool shady verdant Grove :
His hopes to purchase a new Love,
The Wanton Rover draws,

Or-

3.

Orpheus. Can you blame me if I wish ; [*Another movement.*
 For some new Regalia
 That so long have had a Dish ;
 Call'd a dull *Sponsalia*.

4.

Euridice. Slender Diet lengthens Life ;
 Olio's all are fulsome :
 No Physician's like a Wife,
 To give Medicines wholesome.

5.

Orpheus. Happy freedom Joy does breed,
 When we Feast at leisure ;
 But to be compel'd to feed
 Takes away the Pleasure.

6.

Euridice. Thus inconstant Men are cloy'd
 With the sweets of Beauty,
 Thinking Love ne'er well enjoy'd,
 When it tastes of Duty.

7.

Orpheus. Since 'tis so, to end the Strife,
 Let this Sentence ease ye ;
 All Men know, a Wife's a Wife,
 Tho' they're bound to please ye.

8.

Euridice. Husband too, a Husband is,
 Tho' you hate to hear on't.
 And since change allows such blifs,
 Why should we not share on't.

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Orpheus. Our Masculine Powers [Another Movement.

Euridice. You fancy, must rule us.

Orpheus. Prerogative's ours.

Euridice. And so you would fool us.

Orpheus. Come, lest you prove angry, let's kiss and be Friends.

Euridice. For wrangling, the best and the sweetest amends.

[Embrace smiling.

But more to endear me, tune, tune the soft Lyre,
Trees, Birds, Beasts, and Fountains with Musick inspire
My Orpheus in Song, Art and Nature excels,
And can, when he pleases, charm every way else;
We may laugh thus and rally, to pass away time,
But no Love, as ours, is so sweet and sublime.

[Embracing.

Chorus of both. *We may laugh, &c.*

*Then this Ode is performed by Orpheus alone. The Words made to
a pretty, but very difficult Tune of Mr. Eccles.*

Orpheus. Groves and Woods,
Hills, Rocks, and Mountains,
Springs and Floods,
Clear Brooks and Fountains,
Birds and Beasts that range with pleasure,
Hear, hear,
The Charm of my Voice,
Make haste and appear
To Dance a gay Measure,
And Phæbus please, with Nature and Arts valu'd Treasure;
Haste and see that no Sluggard refuses,
Flora,
Delighting, like new-born *Aurora,*
To banish the pest of *Pandora.*

[Here the Scene changes, imitating the motion
of Trees, and Fountains.

I summon thy Jessamine and Roses,
Ye pretty young Nymphs with your Posies,
Come away,
When I Sing and Play,

No Creature,
In Nature,
Be late here,
But wait here.

From *Vulcan's* hot Bellows,

Air, *Neptune*, or *Tellus* ;

The Thrushes

From Bushes,

And Prickets

From Thickets,

Come whisk it,

And frisk it,

And skip it,

And trip it.

In honour of Love and the Muses.

[Here follows a Dance of Silvans and Nymphs.]

Apollo. Behold, behold, how joyful Nature smiles,
And spreads her Beams around these happy Isles.

Caliope. To charming Musick, heavenly Poetry,
The World henceforth shall all united be.

Euridice. Our future Days shall for the past atone,
The Lyrick Artist shall no longer moan,
But sing of sovereign Grace and Bounty shewn.

Orpheus. Rais'd Fancy, distinction to prove shall presume, }
'Twixt *Ovid* in *Pontus*, and *Ovid* in *Rome*.

August *Gloriana* inspires all the Train,
And now will the Golden Age flourish again.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

The End of the Prologue.

ACT

ACT I.

Scene Changes to the first, and Discovers a Bright Luminous Country, wherein Gonzales and Diego appear. A Machine hanging in the Air at a small distance, with Gonzas Harness'd to it. Gonzales is Sad and Musing, Diego Fretting and Chasing about the Stage.

Gonz. EVery day, since by the seasonable Flight of the Ganzas there, and th' effort of Artful Curiosity, we have been in this Sunny World ; these Ravishing Objects and Sounds have Entertain'd us, 'tis wonderful ! but come

Diego, now let's go and seek some Roots for our Dinner ; Roots are the proper Diet of Philosophers, wise *Epietetus* speaks Divinely of 'em.

Diego. What was he ? a Hog, or an *Elephant*, for no other Creature cares for that sort of Diet that I know of, [*Peeishly.*] for my part, I am sure they agree scurvilly with me, I hate Sallad without Oyl and Vinegar. -- Ah ! if your *Tetus*, and the rest of ye, have no other reward for your Philosophy but Starving, ye are all Wretched Scoundrels, by this Light. [*walking about disorderly.*]

Gonz. Methinks those Creatures there should teach thee Patience, thou seest they are Contented. [*pointing to the Ganzas.*]

Diego. They, ay, they are Geese, but Troth now I think on't you are in the right, and I should, like them, be Contented too, being so nearly related to 'em ; for had I been any thing else but a Goose, I had never sery'd a Philosopher, nor flown with him by a Project here into the Sun, to hunt for Knowledge in uncertainty, and Strave in reallity.

Gonz. Thou art as Snappish and as Surly as a Covetous Lawyer to a Pauper Client, that has no Money, for sure there's no such danger neither, the Trees and Bushes round us shew, that here is Variety of Sustenance.

Diego. You have hit it, here is shew enough indeed, and 'tis only shew, for the Devil of any Substance can I find. Oons the Country is all Inchanted ; Nature is bewitch'd here, and all things contrary to their seeming. I got this Morning into an Orchard, hard by, for I knew, that if Hunger could break Stone Walls, it might as well leap Hedges ; The finest Orchard, to my thinking, full of all sorts of the most delicate Fruit.

Gonz. Where thou hast Gorg'd thy self, I warrant, for all thy Grumbl'ing.

Diego. Yes, yes, you shall here how I Gorg'd my self, I ran and Pluck'd an Apple, and giving it an Eager bite, Gads-bud, broke two of my Teeth on the first onset.

Gonz. What? it was not Ripe perhaps.

Diego. Ripe, no nor like to be, why 'twas nothing but a Stone, a delicate Colour like the finest Ruddy Cheek'd Juicy Apple in the World, and within nothing but Grit and Sand hardned together: a meer Brick-bat, Gadzookes.

Gonz. I Confess, the Property of things are strangely different from our World, for a little way off there too, I my self thought to pull a Radish, and 'twas no sooner out of the Ground, but it took fire, fell a Whizzing, and went off in my hand like a Squib.

Diego. Odzooks, I'm distracted about it; then going a little further, my Mouth water'd at a *Peach-Tree* just by, and thinking to grubble 'em, the Fruit prov'd to be Tennis-Balls; fine tempting Cerries too babbling at my Nose, when I thought to regale upon 'em, were nothing but brittle Berries of red Glass, made on purpose to decoy silly Birds, and more silly Phylosophers that mount into the Sun, with design to live upon an odd Foolish method call'd Eating, Eating, de hear Friend. [*Snappishly.*

Gonz. Nay, nay, now I must Philosophise, Patience *Diego*, have Patience.

Diego. Philosophise! now by the sweetness of that pretious Restorative call'd a Parsnip, the nourishing Juice of that most Delicious Creature a Turnip, the Golden Treasure of the Luscious Carrot, the *Quandum* Deities I ador'd and now have only the happiness to Swear by, -- Name it again, and I grow Mad-Stark, Raving-Mad: Ah Plague on your Philosophy; this is your World in the Sun, you us'd to brag on Oh I shall burst with Choler. [*Frets up ---- and down.*

Enter the Dæmon of Socrates.

Gonz. Silence you Rogue, and down on your Knees, see who comes yonder.

Diego. I'm shot, amaz'd confounded, I never saw such a Creature in my Life. [*They Kneel.*

Dæmon. How fares the Learn'd Philosopher *Gonzales*, -- nay, my fam'd Son of Art, you must not kneel to me, I am your Brother.

Gonz.

Gonz. Oh, mock me not bright Vision, I beseech thee.

Diego. Oh Lord Sir, his Brother,— what de'e mean Sir, he is not worthy Sir, to wipe your Worship's shooes Sir, as the saying is — oh Lord, you his Brother — sweet Sir.

Demon. As a Philosopher and Poet, thou art my Brother, which has made me bring these Divinities, whose abode is in this Region of the Sun to entertain thee with the famous Fable of *Orpheus*, — nay more, I have resolv'd to be thy Friend, I have been Privy to thy late attempt, of coming hither to these Sunny Mansions; and since a generous Thirst of knowledge mov'd thee, will to my Power Guard thee from ill Accidents, — know therefore I am the *Demon* of fam'd *Socrates*.

Gonz. My better Angel.

Demon. And tho' I now appear Cas'd up in Flesh, Lively Complexion'd, sanguin'd young and active, yet am I Air, and, except to thee, will be to all Invisible.

Gonz. What you think most fit.

Demon. Two Thousand Years and upwards, since the Death of that Philosopher, I've carefully Employ'd in Arts Improvement; I first in *Thebes*, Taught wise *Epaminondas*; then turning over to the *Roman* side Espous'd the Party of the younger *Cato*.

Gonz. the World admir'd your fame, the Learned *Cardan* still dot-ed on your Tenets.

Demon. He had reason, I Taught him many things, *Trithemius* too, *Cæsar*, *La Brosse*, and the occult *Agrippa*, were all my Pupils, besides a new Cabal of Wise young Men, Vulgarly call'd the *Rosacrucian* Knights, those were, should I dilate their Vertues fully, the very Keys of the close Locks of Nature.

Gonz. *Gossendus* too in *France*, and *Campanalla*, and were under your Instruction.

Demon. I taught 'em both.

Diego. He has Taught every, body — hum, a Spirit does he call himself, by those Rosie Gills of his, I fancy a little of the Flesh too, would be not false Latin — 'tis the oddest prating little Devil of an Angel I ever saw, I'll stick close to him, faith.

Demon. I had disputes too with some Theologists, but I found they were proud and given to Controversy, so I ne'er went to Church.

Diego. Nor I, the Doggs were us'd to bark me out again, the Mass-fed Curs smelt, me to be a Stranger.

Gonz. Friend, methinks your Manners should shew themselves a little amongst your Betters by silence. But, my good Genius, if I may

be so bold to ask the Question, what brought ye to this Kingdom of the Sun.

Diego. Oh Phisolophy, Philosophy, a new Maggot, his head's full of 'em.

Dæmon. The Serene Climate and the Air, I knew most proper for a Spirit of my nature; besides the Bountiful supply of Delicates to please the Taſt and Smell, make this *Elizium* rather fit for Angels than Mortal Creatures.

Gonz. Troth, it muſt be for Angels indeed, for by what I can find, 'twill Nouriſh none but ſuch as feed on Air.

Diego. Bountiful, did he ſay, 'gad I can hold my Tongue no longer, I muſt ſpeak my mind now, let the Philoſopher Frown or do what he will, Hark, Sir, Sir *Radiant Sun-beam*, what ſhall I call ye; Bountiful do you ſay this Place is: yes, if where Peaches prove Tennis Balls, Cherrys Glaſs Berrys, and Pippins are Brick-bats, be *Elizium*, here is Bounty indeed, the Souls of the Poets and the Coxcomby Lovers, will have a rare time on't here, I was at ſome of their Delicates this Morning, but inſtead of breaking my Faſt, gad I broke, my Teeth upon 'em.

Dæmon. Oh, I perceive then, Friend, you were got into the Land of Artificials!

Gonz. The Land of Artificials.

Dæmon. Ay, good *Gonzales*, it's bounds come near this Place; for you muſt know, that in this World o'th' Sun, are ſeveral Tracts of Land of ſeveral Natures, ſome Artificial are, and others Real.

Diego. Oh, one ſollid Ounce of Reallity that's Eatable, my dear, dear *Glorificabilis*,

Dæmon. The one it ſeems you know; but now in the Province where I reſide, all things are contrary, the full grown Peach there bluſhes on the Bough, Mellow'd for Appetite.

Diego. Godzooks, what, and to be Eaten?

Dæmon. Grapes ſwell'd with ſprightly Juice, whoſe charming Vertue would make a Man a God.

Diego. What, and to be drunk? Ah ſweet, ſweet Grapes!

Dæmon. Cherries, like Virgins Lips, Red, full and Powting.

Diego. Oh heavenly Similitude! what, and may one play at bob with 'em?

Dæmon. Then for the common Diet of the Vulgar, your Kid, your Veniſon, and your new fall'n Lamb, your *Swan*, *Brant-Goofe*

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Goose, Puffin and Autumn Plover, your Wild-duck, Partridge, Ortolan, Quail, Wheat Ear, Wood-cock, Snipe, Widgeon, Teale and Larks by Dozens, fall down into your Dish all ready Roasted.

[*Diego leaps at every Word, and seems Ravish'd.*

Diego. Odsheartlikins, and de'e call this Vulgar Diet, O Lord, I'm Suffocated, Transported at the Description : Ah, dear, dear *Seraphick Glorificabilus*, as I said before, let me but be one of those Vulgar, let me get Footing in this Land of *Canaan*, and then.

Dæmon. Oh fye, Friend, you disgrace your self to think on't, this is the Food appointed for *Slaves, Vagabonds, Beggars and Poltroones*, the *Rabble* of the Sun; but for Philosophers, and such as belong to them.

Diego. Pox take 'em, the very Word makes me keck, as if I had took a Vomit.

Gonz. Well, and pray Sir, your Philosophers, what must they feed on ?

Dæmon. Steams, luscious Fumes, rich edifying Smoak.

Diego. Humh. [*Diego looks Blank, and shakes his Head.*

Dæmon. Repast for Gods, or Men with God-like Natures.

Diego. For Gods, for Devils rather, if they must feed on Smoak. Oh, Gadzooks, now the Ague in my Guts begins again.

Gonz. Defend me Heaven what's that ? [*A Squawling Noice within.*

Dæmon. The Viceroy, and his Guards, are coming to Seise you, you must submit to their Power, I'll be Invisible, but stand by ye still.

Gonz. My Angel, for that shall be the Name I'll call ye, my Life depends wholly on you.

Dæmon. Fear nothing.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Second.

Enter crawling upon Hands and Feet, two Solar Lacqueys Antickly dress'd; then enter Coverfool Frisking, and carrying two Bridles; then several Solars with Papers, and one with a Mattock; then riding in an open Chair upon Solars Shoulders, Viceroy, and Vice-Queen, then Devilling and Bellygorge, before whom Gonzales and Diego are brought in by Solar Guards,

Gonz. Bless me ! what a horrid Crew are here !

Diego. Horrid Crew, Oh very fine Persons, curious Compani-
ons

ons for Sun-scalers and foolish Philosophers, these are your Virtuoso's you us'd to brag on so. Oh *Diego, Diego*, what will become of thee? [*Wrings his Hands.*]

Gonz. By *Plato*, and the rest of the *Sages*, all my Reason cannot hinder me from fear, Angel, dear Angel, where art thou.

Dæmon. Here, close by thee. [*Dæmon appears.*]

Gonz. Oh for Heavens sake stick fast to me, for I find I shall have great want of thee, sweet Angel.

Diego. Nay, thanks to Philosophy, we are in a rare condition--want him, 'dsheart we shall want a Troop of Angels to save us from all these Devils --Well, no one knows his destiny, but little did I think to have taken a Journey to Hell by Altitudes.

Dæmon. Nor shalt not now, these are no Devils but Humanes, all as you are.

Gonz. Why do they Crawle so then.

Dæmon. Oh, 'tis the Custom here, and wisely too, for if we reflect on th' Bodiys Situation, we cannot but Imagin all ought to walk so; Infants we see by nature Crawle on four till rais'd upon their Feet with art and care; besides, Reason must own the Groveling Posture most proper for our ease.

Diego. Why truly, since that Reverend Bard there and my self, have made our selves such Monkeys to get hither, I confes 'tis the fittest Posture that can be for us.

Gonz. Yet here are some I see, who walk as we do.

Dæmon. Oh, yes the Guards; all that bear Arms, or if employ'd in any Office that requires it, then they can use all Postures as now that Frisking Grinning thing there.

Gonz. A strange Creature indeed, what is he, I beseech ye?

Dæmon. Why that's their Taylor, his Name is *Coverfool*,--he is, besides the keeper of the Viceroy's Rarities, his strange Birds, Beasts and Monsters and to dress 'em Antickly for his Masters Pleasure; and as a kind of Monsters, I must deal plainly with ye, you now are thought, because you walk upright, with Face erect; and he has brought those Bridles with him, to hamper ye and lead ye to your Den.

[*Diego weeps and looks ruefully on Gonz.*]

Diego. So, very good, we are to be Bridled then it seems, and then Sadled I suppose, and then perhaps to be Rid a Journey, Oh rare World in the Sun, if I had my will now what a Savoury Dinner could I make upon that parboil'd Philosopher.

Dæmon.

Dæmon. Nay if I hear any Grumbling I'm gone.

Gonz. Rogue, will you be sawcy, and provoke your Fleaing. But my kind Angel, pray who are the rest there, 'tis proper I should know 'em, the better to prepare my self for Accidents.

Dæmon. Why those are the Viceroy and Vice-Queen of the Province; then he that Whispers to him there, in this Sun World of ours, is call'd a Beau.

Diego. The Devil! he a Beau, what with that *Belzebubs Phiz*.

Gonz. He's the very reverse of Beauty a Blackamore with a white Patch on, and by his Grisly Look and Figure I should sooner have taken him for the Hang-man.

Dæmon. Ah, these are Notions still of your own World, but things are here quite contrary *Gonzales*, your Beaus use Wash and Powder to be Fair, and ours use Soot and Coal to make 'em horrid; with you, the smiling Feature takes the Lady, and here she's won with frightful Grimaces, and to be Terrible is the best Charm; the rules of *Cupid* here are quite perverted; in short, he that's in Love here, makes himself so ugly, that he can fright his *Cloris* to a Fit, and then he does enjoy her, his Name is Count *Devilling*.

Diego. Oh, a Curious Name, and a very pretty Custom, why now if I could get but a little Meat in my Belly, this Face of mine, for ought I know, as Squares go here, might get me a Fortune.

Gonz. Is the Beau Married?

Dæmon. Oh, no, he's too fine a Courtier; besides the Place he Officiates in hinders him from that, for you must know he has a great Office at Court, he's the Viceroy's Pimp in Ordinary.

Gonz. Body of me, have they Pimping here then too, I thought this had been a little too near Heaven, to use that Folly, as being so Notorious in our World.

Dæmon. Worlds, for that matter, Friend, are much alike, where there are Male and Female; besides, what you call Folly is a Virtue here, being done Politically to promote Generation; and thus in the case of Incapacity, the Husband civilly Pimps for his Wife, and when a good Estate has occasion for an Heir, the Father as decently does it for his Daughter.

Diego. Oh mighty natural! great Indulgence truly.

Gonz. But who is that with a Paper, I beseech ye?

Dæmon. Oh he's a representative of one of the chief Cities in the Province, and is petitioning the Viceroy to interceed with the *Emperour*

perour, to take all their spare Money to spend at Pleasure — he has had some denial it seems, for he looks a little out of humour.

Gonz. Strange, why do the People here then Petition their King to keep 'em Poor?

Dæmon. Oh always, for a Senator to be Rich here is a Manifest sign of his being unworthy and out of favour; and 'tis thought a Principal Grace, I assure you, if the Money will be accepted.

Diego. Nay 'tis certain the King or Emperour, as ye call him, may use his Pleasure here, but his humour is somewhat singular, there's ne'er a King nor *Keyzar* below the Sun like him, I dare say, — Oddsbo-dikins, a favour to take the Peoples Money, ha, ha, ha, our Natives are of another Kidney faith.

Dæmon. Oh, that's very probable, Friend; the other there is a Gentleman who addresses to punish two *Catchpoles* for not Arresting him upon an Action of five Thousand Pounds, he has run all over the Town to take 'em, which is the reason of the heat you see him in.

Gonz. More Miraculous! a Gentleman run after *Catchpoles* to be Arrested, — Oddsife, is the Man mad.

Diego. Mad, ay, ay, you may be sure on't, — why this may be a Custom perhaps here in the Sun too, but 'tis Extream rare and particular; the Gentlemen of our World would run another way, to my knowledge.

Dæmon. Oh you'll find these Surprises very frequent; then that Poor Creature that stands by him with the Mattock there, is a Lawyer, who has attended all this Morning for business; his Employment, other days is Ditching and Delving, at which the honest Wretch takes Pains and Labours very heartily, that he may be the better able to give away his Law in Term-time.

Gonz. St. *Jago* defend me! Why this is more wonderful then all, a Lawyer digg and delve to give away his Law!

Diego. Ay, ay, believe it, he that will, believe it, believe it I'm an Intidel Gadzooks.

Dæmon. Then that young Fellow that stands by 'em is a great Wit, a Person of most Extraordinary Ingenuity, by your Natives Vulgarly call'd a Cut-purse; who being disabled from late famous Actions by a dead Palsy in both his Hands, in consideration of his Loss and former Merit, is order'd a considerable Pension from the State.

Gonz. Is't possible?

Diego.

Diego. Ha, ha, ha, I should Laugh till I was mad, I should burst now if those Plaguy Monsters there, did not fright me at the same time --- Oons a Pension for Cutters and Pick-pockets, --- why at this Rate, by the rule of Contraries, these People, would Hang up the Ordinary and set Free the Highwayman --- Oh rare World in the Sun, I say again.

Dæmon. Nay, as thou say'st, Friend, these seem to be odd Customs in deed --- but see they have done their Debates, and are now dispatching the Taylar, with Orders concerning you,--- hark, they speak louder too.

Vice. *Keelin, Seelin, dally mazzow, gollin bellin kendilango.*

Gonz. Ah, this breaks my Heart, that they speak in a Language I don't understand, had they talk'd in any of the *European* Tongues, I had been as ready a School-boy at his Lesson, but this Plaguy Sun Giberish poses me quite. [*To Bellygorge.*

Devil *Garzockta blowzin minger bounce, Possflary gomon.*

[*Pointing to Diego and Gonzales.*

Belly. *Wowla kan riggan bob, wawla kan roo.*

Diego. The Devil wowl and roo ye -- why this is worse than an *Irish* Cronan, or a *Moorish* Priest bawling the People to Prayers.

Gonz. What is't he says; dear Angel.

Dæmon. Why the Viceroy would know what Species ye are, and they can't agree in their Opinions yet about you; but the Courtier there positively pronounces *Diego*, for his Shape, odd Gestures, and Apish Grimaces, to be a Baboon.

Diego. A Son of a Whore.

Gonz. Nay the Truth is when he was at home, he would be always Frisking about the Kitchen, Chattering, making Mouths, and Licking in the Dripping Pan, so that, as to his Species, verily I think they are not much out of the way.

Diego. Thank ye Heartily, I'm beholding te'e, de'e think so indeed, I was a Baboon, 'tis true, because I was your Man, but de'e hear, I am no bodies now, --- and hold your Tongue you had best.

Vice. *Aw velerokta kirman dummin tons Pyothon esse.*

Gonz. There was something of the *Ionick*, a Touch of the *Greek*, me thought in that, pray what was't?

Dæmon. Why he's very inquisitive still concerning you, He'l make one of 'em Conjure but He'l know it.

Viseq. *A kondibuly melikka, flownce gowtry yarena verokta Belch hander van dan Sooterkino.*

[*With a shrill Voice.*

Gonz.

Gonz. So, her Highness is pleas'd to open now, she has a very Extraordinary Tone, methinks it sounds a little like *Dutch*; what's her will I wonder.

Dæmon. Why, the Vice-Queen is for having ye both Strip'd.

[*Gonza starts.*

Diego. Very good, let her Highness's Will be done by all means.

Dæmon. That by your Bodies Composition consider'd, she may give her Judgment too; for you must know the Ladies are very curious here in matters of Anatomy.

Diego. Nay, if the parts and Composition of my Body are to be read upon, the Lady may soon find out what I am.

Viceroy. *Fillor, filor, Zuleka morli bezom.*

Dæmon. Oh, the *Viceroy* rejects her Proposal, and consents to rely on what *Devilling* and t'other affirm.

Belly. *Ballaw, Ballaw, Ballaw, Lacori, Phiz.* [Angrily.

Dæmon. He's angry with the Courtier for something, you must take care of him, for you'll find him a very dangerous Fellow.

Gonz. Alas, how dangerous, what worse than *Devilling* there?

Dæmon. A thousand times, he's the grand Brammin or Mufti here, and has a Head model'd as well for Mischief as any of your Natives. He's a parcel Magician too, a subtle Rogue that knows all things, and speaks all Languages. — Yours too amongst the rest.

Gonz. And does he know, de'e think, that I'm a Philosopher,

Diego. And that I am the Blockhead his Man, that flew into the Sun with him a Eagle hunting.

Dæmon. You'll find that presently, I tell ye he knows every thing, he leads the Country round here by the Nose, sifts all their Politicks, fingers the Revenue, Banters the Viceroy even into dozing; in short, plagues all the Land like a true Teizer. Preaches away their Senses with Contradictions, then tells 'em they are damn'd for Ignorance.

Gonz. The Priesthood in the Sun, nay, then I warrant they have a jangling Government.—But see the Snip-snap Taylor is frisking up to *Diego*.

Dæmon. I see him, and the *Brammin* perhaps may presently come to you, and mischeivously act some little Injuries, whatever they are, Courage, I'll not be from ye.

Gonz. My Life's preserver, my kind Angel.

Coverf. Ballaw murli, Ballaw murli, Caw, Caw, Caw, Caw.

[*Coverfool comes up to Diego, grins and chatters, then tickles the Palms of his Hand, and pulls him by the Ears.*

Diego. What a plague does he mean by this?

[*Diego Mimicks his Chattering.*

Dæmon. Oh ! that tickling and Ear-pulling are Marks of kindness ; and not only here so, but us'd as such in some parts of your World : The Czar of *Moscovy* treats his Favourites in that manner always.

[*Coverf. Spits in his Face.*

Diego. Oh ! ye nasty Dog, I'll murder ye.

[*Falls upon Coverfool and beats him, 'till the Solar Guards part 'em, and threaten Diego with their Whips.*

Gonzal. Oh ! the Devil, now has this cholerick Rogue so enrag'd 'em that ten to one but they'll tear us to pieces. Dear Angel, help now or I'm lost.

Dæmon. Why *Diego* art thou mad? why that was the greatest Act of Kindness of all.

Diego. Oons, —what, to Spit in one's Face.

Dæmon. Oh the highest Expression of Love and Favour here, that can possibly be thought on ; 'tis beyond Kissing in your World a thousand times, 'tis the Courtly way by which the Lovers shew their greatest Passion, nothing can be more tender.

Gonz. De'e hear that Dog-bolt, yet you must be squeamish, you need be so shy of your ugly Phiz, with a murrain te'e. Oh my sweet Genius, what's to be done? for those Whips are a terrible Eyesore to me.

Dæmon. I'll therefore divert 'em with a Musical Entertainment, which I'll cause some of my Airy Attendants to perform ; and because I know they are fond of Novelties, relating to your World, the Diversion shall be some Emblematick Characters of the Virtues and Vices of a Court, expresly shewn in the several Figures. [*Waves his Hand, and Musick flourishes.*] See, they are ready in a moment. And the first that appears is a Figure representing *Honour*, the principal Virtue of a Court, habited as the Ancients us'd to dress it in their Descriptions or Paintings.

Here Honour appears and sings.

S O N G.

Honour. YE Sons of Fame, whose Noble Souls,
 Soar with triumphant Joy beyond the Poles;
 Whose Records ever shall appear sublime,
 And shine within the Golden Book of Time;
 When this round Fabrick shall to Ashes burn:
 And Nature once more into Chaos turn,
 From Lucid Thrones look down and see
Honour, the glorious Heir of Immortality;
 And you blest Hero's who now share
 On Earth below this vital Air;
 That each succeeding Day,
 Some Debt to *Honour* pay;
 Whose bright Renown shall ne'er decay,
 Till Arms with all things, are to last Confusion hurl'd,
 Behold, the Darling Genius of the World.

*Second
Movem.*

'Tis I that Monarchs fire,
 To do things great and bold.
 I gen'rous Hearts Inspire,
 To scorn the Power of Gold.
 I charming Beauty grace,
 And wanton Passion sway.
 I Artful Merit raise
 Above dull common Clay.
 More, more than all, 'tis I your Arms maintain,
 I, in the Breast of Gracious *Anna* reign,
 And Blessings shower without controul.
 I'm all, and all, in every part;
 To Empires body I'm the Heart,
 Where *Anna* is the Soul.

[Exit Honour.]

Diego. His Honour, should be a Kin to me by his good Voice;
 but Mum, this is not a place to scrape Acquaintance in.

Dæmon. The next Court Virtues are Emblems of Courtship, and
 Modesty, express'd in the figures of a Man of Quality, and a virtu-
 ous young Lady his Mistress.

Court-

Courtship and Modesty Enter and Sing.

Courtship. *Tell me, Oh, my Hearts sweet Surpriser,
What profit or Pleasure,
You find in Frowns, since smiling Caresses
So sweet are when try'd.
Sordid, vile, you know is the Miser,
That Hoards up his Treasure.
Like Wealth, so Beauty looses its Graces,
Not timely Enjoy'd;
'Tis still treating your self most unfairly,
Thus coyly to shun
What's pris'd so dearly,
And late or early
Must sometime be done,
'Tis still &c.*

(2.)

*Turn your Eyes, and view the Creation,
With all its gay Treasure;
Where Loves blest Charm makes all things in Nature
To Bloom and Grow;
Trees and Flowers confessing a Passion,
The Sun Courts with Pleasure;
And Birds and Beasts, each sensible Creature,
All, all do so.
Sweet, Comply then, for so did your Mother,
And as this is true,
Sometime or other,
For all this pother,
Dear Angel must you.
Sweet Comply, &c.*

Gonz. Truly the Man speaks to the purpose, and this is indeed just the way of our World.

Diego. Ah, my Song to Joan, our Milk-Maid at home was better by half, Faith. [Sing.] *Joan, Joan, with Cherry-checks and Bubbys-white as Curds and Cream.* Oh Gadzooks, I forget my self this is not a Place for such fine matters.

Demon. When you have heard the Lady, the Emblem will be more fully express'd. Here

The Wonders of the Sun: or,

Here Modesty addresses and Sings.

(1.)

Modesty. *If you'd know why we seem Uncourteous,
And Frown when you teize us,
The Reason's plain we dare not believe ye,
When Love you profess :
Mens deceits to ruin the Virtuous,
So often displease us.
That False or True we fear to receive ye,
Where Love should bless ;
'Tis still Treating our selves the most fairly,
Lose partly to shun ;
And Late and Early,
Prise Honour dearly,
Or else we're undone.*

(2)

*With delight we view the Creation,
And all its gay Treasure,
And know Loves charm makes all things in Nature,
To Bloom and Grow ;
As the Sun, the Plants in each Station,
Indulges with Pleasure,
So grateful they, and each living Creature
Their duty shew ;
Yet tho' rashly comply did my Mother,
Till I know ye true,
For all your Pother,
My Love I'll Smother,
And never come too.*

Dæmon. The Moral of this, now Friend, I'm sure you understand.

Diego. P'shaw, I thought it would have come to a Wedding, and then there was hopes one might have been invited to Dinner.

Gonz. Peace babler, — 'tis Excellent indeed.

Dæmon. The next is *Hospitality*, Emblematically describ'd in a Figure, Mimicking an old Fashion'd Court Lady in the days of the famous *English Queen Bess*.

Hospi-

Hospitality Enters and Sings.

Hospit. *Since now the World's turn'd upside down,
And all things chang'd in Nature,
As if a doubt were newly grown,
We had the same Creator :
Of Ancient Modes and former ways,
I'll teach ye, Sirs, the manner,
In good Queen Besses Golden days :
When I was a Dame of Honour.*

(2.)

*I had an Ancient Noble Seat,
Tho' now 'tis come to Ruin,
Where Mutton, Beef, and such good Meat
In th' Hall was daily chewing ;
Of humming Geer my Cellar full,
I was the yearly Donor,
Where toping Knaves had many a pull,
When I was a Dame of Honour.*

(3.)

*My Men of Home-spun honest Grays,
Had Coats and comly Badges,
They wore no dirty ragged Lace ;
Nor e're complain'd for Wages ;
For gawdy Fringe and Silks o'th' Town,
I fear'd no Threatning Dunner,
But wore a decent Grogram Gown,
When I was a Dame of Honour.*

(4.)

*I never thought Cantharides,
Ingredient good in Posset ;
Nor ever Stript me to my Stays,
To play the Punt at Bassett ;
In Ratafia ne'er made deboach,
Nor reel'd like toping Gunner ;
Nor letting Mercer seize my Coach,
When I was a Dame of Honour.*

(5.) I

(5.)

*I still preserv'd my Maidenfame,
In spite of Oaths and Lying ;
Tho' many a long chin'd Youngster came,
And fain would be enjoying.
My Fan, to guard my Lips I kept,
From Cupid's lewd 'er runner,
And many a Roman Nose I rap'd,
When I was a Dame of Honour.*

(6.)

*My Curling Locks, I never bought,
Of Beggars dirty Daughters,
Nor Prompted by a Wanton thought,
Above knee ty'd my Garters ;
I never glow'd with Painted Pride,
Like Punk, when th' Devil has won her,
Nor prov'd a Cheat, to be a Bride,
When I was a Dame of Honour.*

(7.)

*My Neighbours still I Treated round,
And Strangers that came near me :
The Poor too always welcome found,
Whose Prayers did still endear me.
Let therefore, who, at Court would be,
No Churle nor yet no Fawner ;
Match in Old Hospitality,
Queen Bess's Dame of Honour.*

[Exit.

Dæmon. This carries a Wholesome Reflection in't, the *Satyr* is not ill drawn, considering the humour of your Natives.

Gonz. 'Tis very fine and excellently well Humour'd.

Diego. Why, yes truly, I like the old Gentlewomans Song well enough, especially that Passage in't about the Beef and Mutton.

Dæmon. The next, as no Court was ever without some, are Vices, and Representing, *Vain Promise*, and *Flattery*, Express'd in the Figures of a great Man in Office, and a Poor Sycophant.

Vain Promise, Enters with a Paper in his Hand and Sings out of it
part of a Song, on the Poetess *Sapho*.

Changing Air and Movements.

Vain P. Down, from the Tow'ring Rock, her self she Cast, [Mimicking
And cleft the Billows with too Fatal hast; th' Italian.
Hey, hey, who waits, who's there?

Confound ye all can no one hear. [Throws away the Paper.

This Foolish *Sapho*, with her simple Song,
Upon her Clownish Lesbian Fop,
Has kept me in a Lethargy so long,
That Demmy I've forgot where I'm to Sup.
No Dagg, no Rascal near;
Hey, hey, who waits, who's there?

Enter Flattery.

Flattery. Great, Noble, Gracious, Brave;

Vain P. How now.

Who's that, who's there? hah, what are you?

Flattery. One Proud to be your Slave, who knows,
Your busy careful People all,
Employ'd, about your Honour's Cloaths,
To dress ye for the Ball.

Vain P. Oh, ho, the Ball, that's it that must be done.

Flattery. Here Prompt am I, to go or run;
I am your shadow when you please bright Sun;
Brighter than ever gilt our Horizon;
Did e'er Adonis that sweet Form excell;

Vain P. The Fellow, gad, talks Tallerably well,
I know thee now, thou hast some Suite.

Hah, hum,

Speak, come, what,

Flattery. Oh how they shoot,
Fiercer than Lightning in the Skies;
Oh, turn away those killing Eyes;
Or what my Tongue would speak can never thence.

Vain P. The Creature, demmy, has a World of sence.

E

Flattery

The Wonders of the Sun: or,

Flattery. *A Captain I would be,*

Thou Earthly Deity ;

If thou woud'st deign to push it on.

Vain P. *A Captain, hab, hum, well it shall be done.*

Flattery. *Another Suite too, Clogs my Tongue,*

I have a Sister that too long

Has in the Country droop'd.

Vain P. *Hab — is she Young ?*

Flattery. *Young as Aurora's dawn.*

Vain P. *What Shape — what Eyes ?*

Flattery. *Black, Charming, Form'd a Lover to Surprise,*

She's, soft as Venus, with Diana's Size.

Vain P. *Ha, hum, a Lovely Brown,*

Zoons, what, and Coop'd in a damn'd Country Town;

Bring her to me, and try what Court affords,

Do'st hear, hum, what, I use not many Words,

I'll ha thee Prick'd, in the best Troop of Guards.

Flattery. *But one thing more.*

Vain P. *Well, speak, come thou hast Wit ?*

Flattery. *I humbly beg.*

Vain P. *Well — what.*

Flattery. *Not to forget.*

Vain P. *O Lard, thou may'st as well beg my Estate,*

To tie a Right Courtier his Promise to keep ;

Another } *Is to Eat when he's Sated, or when you please, Sleep ;*
Movement. } *I have given my Promise, what could you hope more ?*

Flattery. *Nay, nay, I confess I was told so before ;*

Vain P. *What could you hope more ?*

Flattery. *I was told so before.*

Vain P. *But not to forget.*

Flattery. *But not to forget.*

Vain P. *Thou may'st as well beg me to give my Estate.*

Flattery. *I may as well beg you to give your Estate.*

Chorus of Both.

What could you hope more ?

I was told so before, &c.

[Here the Solars make a Squalling Noise in sign they are pleas'd.
Demon.

Dæmon. Oh, I see this has Molified.

Gonz. My heavenly Protector, how shall I thank thee.

Dæmon. And see the Keeper is order'd to Bridle and carry ye to the Place, where they are to Consult about ye, you must have Patience.

[*Coverfool* bridles 'em both

Gonz. Patience perforce, sweet Angel.

Diego. 'Tis some comfort to me, that th' Astrologer is made a Mule on first, — I wonder whose Pad I'm, to be amongst all these Devils; they're all I see in the Jocky-dress, they have Whips and Spurs too, I suppose upon occasion. Oh what will become of thee poor *Diego*.

[*Exeunt Omnes, with them Gonzales and Diego.*

ACT II. Scene First:

Enter Viceroy, Vicequeen, Devilling, Bellygorge, and the rest, bringing in Gonzales and Diego, Dæmon stands by Invisible.

Gonz. **O**H my Charitable Angel, what further Mischief are we now to suffer, for I find they han't done with us yet.

Dæmon. No, no, — you are now but just come to the Extream on't, de'e hear *Diego*; I see *Coverfool* is coming to manage ye, be sure you suffer Patiently, whatever he does, you'll be whipt unmercifully else.

Diego. Nay I believe I shall have a fine time on't. Oh rare World in the Sun.

Coverfool. Ballimi Zuken, Ballimi Zuken, Caw, Caw, Caw, Caw.

[*Coverfool* comes up with a Rope tyes it about *Diego's* Waste, pulls him by the Nose and thumps his Belly with his Head.

Diego. What a Plague's the meaning of this; now he pulls me by the Nose.

The Wonders of the Sun: or,

Dæmon. Let him, let him, that's a special Favour.

Diego. Thumps me in the Guts too.

Dæmon. Favours, Favours still, all Favours, great Civilities.

Diego. Confound his Civilities, I shall ne're have Patience, I shall Thwack him tho' I'm Carbonado'd.

Belly. *Rundi Sabor Callimanko.*

Dæmon. He bidshim place ye upon all four. [*Coverfool puts Gonzales and Diego into the Posture.*]

Gonz. Oh, my Stars!

Diego. Oh delicate World in the Sun, or rare Philosopher!

Belly. *Cacco, Verla Blow.*

Devil. *Mixi camako.*

Dæmon. They bid him bring ye near 'em, that they may get Astride on ye, and give their Opinions. [*Bellygorge and Devilling get Astride on 'em.*]

Diego. Oh, heavenly Vertuoso's, here's fine doings.

Bellygorge. *Mek balem Tobozo, Saker merugan.*

Devil. *Velokti Velokti.*

[*They seem to dispute.*]

Belly. *Il Boro de Congo.*

Devil. *Oli Sidingor.*

Bellygorge. *Gallimo noort Zoonds, balem bob Demmig.*

Diego. O Lord he Swears Zounds and Dammy, what will become of us now?

Dæmon. Oh ye are mistaken again, *Diego*, these Words are no Swearing here, they are no more in this World, than in yours, to say Honour and Conscience, they are Epithets to distinguish Truth or Falschhood by.

Gonz. But what's the matter with 'em, dear Angel.

[*Here they get off, and Deviling whispers Viceroy.*]

Dæmon. Why they were quarrelling about you, the Brammin would have kept it a Secret, but they are now gon to inform the Viceroy, that considering, how much your Complexion differs from *Diego*, that y'are an Ostrich, and without Feathers, being begot upon a Silphied in the lower Fens of the Moon.

Diego. Ods my life, an Ostrich! why, verily, friend Philosopher, I think they have nick'd you pretty right too, for I have, my self, a long time thought ye an Owl; and for them to find ye to be an Ostrich, introth, as you said before, is not very much out of the way.

Gonz. Very well Rascal.

Dæmon.

Dæmon. The Viceroy, and Vicequeen are going to Dinner at a House of Pleasure, where the result of your Case is to be determin'd when they are set ; the Courtier and the rest make their repast!

Gonz. Bless me, what horrible Visages are there!
[*Exeunt all but Bellygorge.*

Diego. Ay that Sun-beau there is, I confess, a little upon the dismal ; but what then? you Philosophers love Rarities and you'll meet great Varities here, without doubt.

Dæmon. The *Bramin* makes up te'e, now look to your self.

Gonz. Oh stand by me then, sweet Angel.

Belly. What is thy Name?

Gonz. Oh Heaven!

Belly. A Man, I know thou art a Man Monster of the lower World, whose vain Curiosity has brought thee hther, but of what Intelect, what Condition?

Dæmon. You must tell him, tho' he knows all well enough.

Gonz. A poor Philosopher, of the neither World.

Belly. A Philosopher ——— humh, and what are you. [*to Diego.*

Diego. A Fool, so please ye, a very Fool.

Belly. And Knave.

Diego. Ah, Gadzooks, *Diego*, thou'rt a lost Man.

Belly. And you pretend to Sciences and Knowledge?

Diego. Very little, Sir.

Belly. Too much, Sir, for an Ostrich, we'll first see how you can digest Old Iron, Wood, Stones and Leather, before you shall dispute upon their Natures.

Diego. Gad I'm glad of that however, for his drilling me to this confounded Place, has made me hate him, so that all the Mischief that falls upon him, is to me as sweet as Hony.

Belly. Dost thou know who I am.

Gonz. Not with Presumption.

Belly. I am a *Bramin* and rule Understandings, I parcel out Mens Brains, as I think fit, let 'em be Wise or Foolish, as I like 'em, yours is a sneaking World, where Priests are Curb'd, Stinted of Right, and Hinder'd of Command ; you have Schools to Teach your Lay Brats to be Sawcy, and give base Vulgar th' Priviledge of Wit, which here none but the Priesthood dare pretend to ; for if they do, no Mid-night *Incubus*, e'er Rode a Mortal dreamer as we them.

Diego. Good again, here's Divine Politicks for ye, 'd'sheart, why this is beyond Popery, or their Hell upon Earth, the Inquisition.

Gonz.

Gonz. Alas, Sir, I shall never vie with any.

Belly. You had not best, nor e're pretend to Wit, that Province only is for me and mine, the Viceroy, the Vicequeen and the whole Court, are all my Mules, and like a Priest I ride 'em; know this and Tremble, and further understand, that to go upright or be prov'd to be a Man here, is death by th' Law, so through Compassion, I nam'd ye an Ostrich, therefore be sure to Trot, Gape, and Gambol, to divert these Blockheads; but on your Life, no Wit, nor no discovery, I have not one Wit in my two Hundred Parishes.

Gonz. Horrid Hell-hound, Oh for a little Privacy to rail at him, Angel, dear Angel, Comfort me now or I shall dye.

Demon. Patience I say still.

Belly. You motley Baboon and Fool stand further off, go learn to Vault and Tumble.

Diego. Oh, that ever I was born.

[*Stands aside.*

Belly. Come, come nearer me, I'm inclin'd to hear a little of affairs Subsolary, — what are your Princes, and your Grandees doing?

[*Sits down.*

Gonz. Making War, Sir.

Belly. For what prethee, their old Foolish Bubble Honour?

Gonz. Oh no Sir, for Religion.

Belly. Why, they have none.

Gonz. They have the Word, Sir, that gives the Command, and that sets Fools a Fighting.

[*Coverfool makes Grimaces at Gonz. and Exit.*

Belly. A Sharp Rascal, War must be Chargeable, — what say the People?

Gonz. E'en, what they please, Sir, they say any thing, Words are no Treason now, their Breath's their own; and he that pays a Tax for the Kings use, may Rail at him as Saucily as he pleases.

Belly. What are your Traffickers your Men of Business?

Gonz. Why Sir, a Motly Race with double Faces, with which they both ways see when Profit comes, if any one of 'em smiles on his Neighbour, 'tis in his Head to Cheat him in some Bargain, and as they are shaking hands, each of 'em thinks t'other's a Fool, and he shall over-reach him; they bore the merry Title once of Cuckolds, — but now turn Tables and are Cuckold-makers, for Money being Scarce and Pride not bating, my Lady, who without her Husbandy

The Kingdom of the Birds.

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Husband's knowledge profusely runs into their Trading Books, oft for forbearance, enters them in hers.

Belly. A notable Satisfaction, well, now your Courtiers, how do they Manage?

Gonz. Oh, themselves acutely Sir, Leve and Couche are their first steps to Perferment, till they have reach'd the Tip of the Kings Ear; then artful Insinuation's very useful Humillity too, and Fawning's mighty necessary, for by those Rules they seldom fail to thrive, they feed by Flattery, and grow Rich by begging.

Belly. Begging, that's base, what do they beg Prithee?

Gonz. Places, Places Sir, — the most desir'd Paradise of a right Courtier is a good Place.

Belly. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Pleasant Fellows indeed, but your great Ministers, I suppose, those are Graver and more Candid.

Gonz. Oh yes Sir, they ever grow Lean with overstudying their Country's Profit and their Prince's Honour, all struggling to repel Interest from their Natures. But if sometimes they chance to have Sore Throats, with swallowing a Golden Bribe, or so, there's an Assembly of four Hundred Doctors, always at hand to Cure 'em of the Quinzey.

Belly. That's well order'd, troth; well, now for your Wits.

Gonz. Ah, there you Pose me Sir, to describe them's a task beyond my Power, we have Studied, Sir, two hundred Years, to know even what Wit is; and when 'tis known, we shall as long pore on, to know who has it, yet in our Populous Nation, there buz a Crew, that still will own that Title, young Coxcombs that by heart can say all *Horace*, yet doze like Dolts in common Conversation; or else like *Magpies*, Chatter without thinking, Conceited, Beaus, that descent on the Muses, not knowing *Emphasis*, or how to Spell. Lewd drunken Bullies rallying upon *Virgil*, that never could read Latin; Cat visag'd Criticks damning others Works to get their own dull Scribes Reputation; Callow Cits too, and Country Novices; pert spruc'd up Lawyers, and perfum'd Court Wigeons, all these Sir, would be thought *Apollo's* Sons, when try 'em round, and for true genuin Wit, a poor Mechanic, a silly Mouse-trap-maker, has richer Brains by far.

Belly. Ha, ha, ha, ha, — but sure, this is Partial, — come now for your Women to them, you must be kinder.

Gonz. Not a jot Sir, at them I have most cause to Rail, I have been Married.

Belly.

Belly. What, not to one thou lik'st, perhaps?

Gonz. Pray guess Sir, — she was a Creature first of Heavens making, but th' Devil soon after chang'd her property, Puff'd her with Pride, and won her for his pains; she'd keek at th' Name of Husband like a Potion, And I had scarcely Married her two days, but that two Hundred Elys, were buzzing at her, some of which stuck so close I could not brush'em off, with the *Fox Tail* of my Philosophy; if the Wind did but blow a Curle away, she would be three hours at her Glafs and Toylet, a setting it in order; and had a Flea, but hop'd upon her Nose, 'twas a whole Evenings trouble to perswade her, it had not rais'd a Pimple like a Mountain; her Chamber was a meer Perfumer's Shop, and when some young Fops came to Visit her, if they sat there one hour, their Cloths and Perukes, were scented for a Month: In short, besides all this she would Paint Nauseously, Lye Helliishly look Scornfully and Scold so Confoundedly, that I was forc'd to seek a desperate Remedy to Cure her; the result of which is so Mysterious that I can give no further Account of it, only that I am rid of her.

Belly. Ha, ha, ha, very well, the rest I'll hear another time. Here comes the Dinner and the Company.

Gonz. Oh, thanks to my Stars, I am reliev'd at last; but, dear Angel, who, I beseech ye, are those grave Persons there?

[*They sit on Cushions and eat.*]

Demon. Philosophers o'th' Sun who never eat, but always feed on Steams; Do ye not smell the Soop their Noses dine on?

Gonz. Oh, yes, it has a very fine flavour truly.

Diego. And a flavour is a curious Dinner indeed. Oh! how could I feast upon a haunch of that plaguy Star-gazer, if I had my Will.

Demon. You see *Deviling* sits in State as Favourite to the Viceroy; and that old shrivel'd Fellow, he there that waits upon him, is his Father.

Gonz. Unnatural Fop, what, make his Father serve him, has this vile World no more respect for Age?

Demon. Age, why 'tis ridiculous here, a thing despis'd, all such whose Age render past getting Sons are all made slaves to those they have got already, nothing but youth rules here; he's still most wise, that hath most Blood and Vigours, see how he uses him. [*Dev. strikes old Solar.* The old Fumbler has done some Fault or other. — Oh! I find it, he has lost his Son *Picktooth*, a thing accounted here very ominous, hee'll be cudgel'd damnably about it, if nothing worse happens.

Diego.

Diego. There's an Impudent young Dog, to Cudgel his Father for a *Picktooth*.

Dæmon. Observe, observe. [Deviling beats old Solar agen.

Diego. O Lord, O Lord, Oh heavenly World in th' Sun! Oh Scraphical Virtuoso's! — how now; what have they brought here, I wonder!

Dæmon. Your Dinner, *Diego*, and ready dress'd too; — a Dish of curious Wild-Fowl; — nay, 'tis real.

Enter Coverfool and sets a Dish on a Table before Diego.

Diego. I am amaz'd! rare Woodcocks, Partridges, and Larks. Gadzooks I'll fall too most vigorously. [Sits down to Eat.

Gonz. Humh! what think you now of the World in the Sun, Hangdog: But come, I'll stint my Wonder, and refresh my self. [A Spirit rises, stops Gonzales.] Oh blefs me! what's the matter now, dear Angel?

Dæmon. What's here, a Gnome of the Earth; he must be Harbinger to some new Mischief. [A dish of Horse Shooes, Nails and Iron, is set before Gonzales.

Spirit. *Selin Oeto bolin ambo.*

Gonz. Angel, sweet Angel, what's the meaning of this?

Dæmon. 'Tis the Male Aspect of your Envious Stars, the Cabalists rememb'ring y' are an Ostrich, has serv'd ye up a Dinner of Old Iron.

Gonz. Mercy upon me, old Iron, I shall be starv'd.

Diego. Starv'd, no, no, pray my Lord Ostrich fall too, your Honour must needs be sharp set, with so long fasting, there's a curious Hobnail will go down so smoothly, and sit so warm upon your Stomach: or what think you of that favoury Horse-shoe there, broil'd a little upon the Coals.

Gonz. Insulting Rascal.

Diego. I would offer ye some of my Foolish Pittance here, but that I know you noble Ostriches Love particular Diet, hum, much good may't do your Lordship.

Dæmon. I have found a Trick to evade their Mischief; take share with him, Ostriches swallow every thing.

Diego. If the Sun methods were rightly consider'd, I believe you'd find, Friend, that the Families of the Baboons, and the Ostriches
F are

are not so united, that they should dip in a Dish together. What a Pox, since I must be a Baboon I am for maintaining my property.

Gonz. Hang ye Curmudgeon.

Deviling. *I boka, I boka, Slowse gowlin.* [*to a Solar who goes out.*

Gonz. What, is the Courtier angry still?

Dæmon. It seems so, I told ye I fear'd there was some worse Punishment behind for the old Fellow, and find now the offence is so Capital, that the inrag'd Son has Condemn'd him to the Punishment of the Cup, which I see yonder is brought him.

[*Re-enter Solar with a Cup.*

Diego. Why the unnatural Whelp wont Poyson his poor old Father, after Drubbing him, will he? What, is there Poyson in't?

Dæmon. Yes, Poyson to his Credit, 'tis fill'd with Muskadine, never offer'd here but to one in disgrace; besides, to shame him further, there's an Ignominious Tost put in't.

Diego. And is it right true Muskadel.

Dæmon. Right as the Grape e're yeilded; the shame is the Punishment.

Diego. Oh, is that all, a horrible Punishment truly.

Dæmon. By the horrible Faces he makes, you may see he's very loth to take it down, I warrant he'd give half he's-worth to any one, would relieve him from it, which is now and then done by some true Friend, and that takes away part of the disgrace.

Diego. Why then that true Friend am I, for I Love that Liquor so well, that gad I'll relieve him presently for nothing, I'll put up such a disgrace at any time.

[*Take the Cup and drinks.*

Devil. *Kemela Kemela* — ha, ha, ha.

Dæmon. He Laughs at th' Accident and at *Diego's* forwardness.

Diego. Ay let him, would I had another Cup, on't 'twas Excellent Wine Faith, and came in admirable time, — hold — gad I'll have a touch at Ignominious too.

[*Eats the Tost.*

Dæmon. The Solar thinks himself extreamly oblig'd, and that Nose Tweak, and Thump in the Guts is his return of thanks.

[*Old Solar comes and Tweaks Diego by the Nose, and Thumps his Belly with his Head.*

Diego.

Diego. That part of his Civility, Pox take him, might have been spar'd; for if he thanks me agen with such another Thump, I shall refund his disgrace, I can tell him that.

Dæmon. Oh, the Company are breaking up, to consult again about you; I see the Courtier has paid the reckoning.

Gonz. With what? he drew no Purse. [*Deviling gives Solar a Paper.*

Dæmon. With Verses, he gave mine Host a Paper with three Couplets in't: Poetry you must know buys every thing, 'tis the Currant Money of the Country.

Gonz. Rare again, and pray what may three Couplets pass for.

Dæmon. Just as the *English* Guinies did for Thirty, and to better purpose than those too, for these wont dwindle again nor leave ye in the lurch, as they did.

Gonz. Verses, the Bullion here! Why what a heavenly Custom would this be to the Poets of our World, if Mercers, Cooks, Taylors and Tavern-bills, were to be rated thus, and paid with Couplets; how like great Princes would some Rhimers live, who now are out at Elbows, what now my Preserver, what are they doing now?

[*Deviling and the rest make a humming Noise, and seems to dispute Eagerly.*

Dæmon. Resolv'd upon new Mischief against ye, which I will try to divert with another Musical Entertainment, of Emblematick Figures of your World, which as 'tother was Concerning a Court, shall now be Representations of the Vertues and Vices of a City.

Gonz. May Heaven requite thee, Soul of Harmony.

[*Waves his Hand, Musick Sounds.*

Dæmon. Observe, how it begins; this first is an Emblem Representing *Industry*, one of the chiefest Vertues of a City, and Express'd in the Figure of a *Dutch Burgher's Wife of Amsterdam.*

Industry Enters and Sings.

Indust. *Waer, waer ben de Skellums des Fowlen dull Beasts,
De Cloake bet stwok vife, and dey still in der Nests,
De Mart, is halve over, dey snoring at Ease,
Dat sall beb Vercoppe myn Butter and Kese,*

The Wonders of the Sun: or,

*Myn Karmilk is Suer, while dey Ligg on dere backs,
And no gelt est brouckt me vor spinning myn Flax,
No Brodt from de Backer, no Turf nor no Coals,
But verbaetig I'll yagb dem voort out of dere holes.*

Enter Profusenefs.

Dæmon. The second is an Emblem of *Profusenefs*, this, on the contrary, is one of a Cities worst Vices; the Figure represents a Fantastick French Citizen, Affecting the Garb and Behaviour of a Great Lady.

Gonz. This is the very Picture of Prodigality indeed.

Diego. And 'tother is so like my Hostess where I Lodg'd once; Especially when she mention'd the Butter and Cheese.

Dæmon. Silence *Diego* — observe.

Profusenefs Sings.

(2.)

Profuse. *Fie Metress, why you teize your selfe,
Vor Worldly Muck, dam nasty Pelf,
Let fhees and Butra keep de Shelf.
Come learn de moy fine danca,
You have de ver good Face and Air;
Dat may vid de Beau Monde Compare,
You only want de motion rare,
Hab, Ala mode de Franca.* [Dances fantastically about.

(3.)

Industry. *Wat vuttering somer fogle balen here,
Mit Mere on her Back den would kep me a Year;
Mit her Bodystickt up as a Collar van Brawn,
And Jok glove sey has brought me des clyders to paren,
Your dauncing gut Frow, de gelt vil ne get,
But if ye are ghestick come helf me to knit;
De earning ones Eata is sarwe to de food.
Van Idleness nim mer meer came any Good.*
[Pulls out knitting Work.

(4.) *Profuse.*

(4.)

Profuse. *Ab gens barbare, 'tis mainfeste,
Dis Womans be de fort Grand beste,
Me derefore use her as min Jest,
Fie, tro away dat Lumbra,
Here be fine Cards, come let us Play,
You sall no drudge nor toile to day;
But learn to Sheat our Fantee way,
At Picket or at Ombra.*

(5.)

Indust. *Sure none dat been Wise will learn your Sottish way,
You Daunce at your Dinner, and Sing when you Pray;
[Throws the Cards about.
You'll Spiel as your Starving and de's ben de Tools,
Dat Yearly undoen, half a Nation of Fools;
Whilst we are all busick and mind de main Chance,
Laet ve and oldt England gae on met your Dance;
Laet on's Fish in haer Water and chouse you of Wine,
Dance spiel and Zewp on, 'tis no business of mine. [Exit Indust.*

(6.)

Profuse. *Dis sordid Creature have no Wit,
No Soul but de L'Argent to get,
And vat no turn to dull profit;
She have in Grand disdain a,
Vel let'em busle for Command,
And rake up Treasure to buy Land;
We'll make 'em dance our Sarband,
If we hold out in Spaina. [Exit. Profusenefs.*

Dæmon. These are two other City Vices, the Characters representing Lewdness and Infidelity, Express'd in the Figures of an English Exchange Woman and her Bully.

Infidelity.

Infidelity Enters and Sings.

(1.)

Infid. *What de'e lack, what de'e buy,
 Pray Ladies draw nigh;
 I have Masks, I have Fans,
 I have Muffs for your Hands,
 I have Furs, that will please;
 And fine Neckatees;
 Gloves, Ribbands and Rings,
 And a Thousand pretty Things,
 Pray Ladies draw nigh,
 What de'e lack, what de'e buy.*

(2.)

*And Gallants for you,
 I have Snuff Boxes too;
 Fine Strings for Cravats,
 And Bands for your Hats;
 For Shirts pretty Lace,
 And a Wash for the Face;
 Rare Garters for Leggs,
 A Pulvillio for Wiggs:
 Pray Gallants draw nigh;
 What de'e lack, what de'e buy?*

Enter Lewdness, and Sings.

Lewdness. *Of all the Rarities I see,
 Were I to choose, I would buy thee;
 But Ah, thou art so fine a thing,
 To give thy worth would drein a King.
 How does my dear, where's Husband gone?
 I'm glad to find thee here alone.*

Infidel. *Fie Captain, fie, the Folks will see,
 You must not so Familiar be,
 You'll bring a Scandal.*

Lewdness.

Lewdness. *Not be kind,
Would all the Cuckolds here were blind.*

Infidel. *Ab, should that Curse once truly come,
How many would be groping home.*

Lewdness. *One Kiss to spite 'em,*

Infidel. *Pish, Oh dear, you shant, nay Captain fie, I swear,
You grow so rude — well let me die,
I'll never speak te'e more;*

Lewdness. *Te Lie,
Heavens, can you Blame me, who can see,
Those tempting Lips and patient be?*

Infidel. *Had it been done,
Nay, nay, keep off, you shan'ot Touch,
In th' Ware-house when we were alone.
The matter had not been so much.*

Lewdness. *Oh well remembred, Faith, lets go,*

Infidel. *No, no, not I, no, no, no, no,
See there's my Husband come I vow,
From Coffee-House, and drink, [Faction appears.
As Black as any Ink,
Where every Morn a Club are seen
To Cheat, and Lie, and Rail against the Queen.*

Lewdness. *And shall we not Revenge:*

Infidel. *No, no, Hands off I are not.*

Lewdness. *Faith we'll go,*

Infidel. *The Wares lie scatter'd all about.*

Lewdness. *No matter, Oh no matter.*

Infidel. *'Tis dark too, and the Window's shut.*

Lewdness. *The better, oh, the better,
Come, come.*

Infidel. *Nay don't.*

Lewdness. *You shall.*

Infidel. *I won't.*

Lewdness. *Nay, if my dire resolve you make me shew.*

Infidel. *I'll Cry, I'll Scratch.*

Lewdness. *'Tis all one, you shall go.*

Infidel. *Well, hush, then safely, if it must be so. [Exeunt.*

Gonz. *If the Cuckold had any apprehension of this, I believe he
would not very well like his Wife's Customer.*

Diego.

Diego. Ah — she's only gone in with him to change some Pistoles.

Dæmon. This here is a topping City Vice too, and known by the Name of Faction, Notorious in that Kingdom aforesaid, and quaintly Express'd here in the Figure of a Cheating Stockjobber.

Here *Faction* Sings.

(1.)

Faction. From Stockjobbing,
Near kin to Robbing,
I come, and from seditious Knaves, a heap;
Peace, Peace, Conscience,
It is not long since,
Thou had'st a Golden Dose to make thee Sleep;
To raise Fewds,
And Taint hot Bloods.
New Libels on the Queen I've Invented;
Which, to Fire the Malecontented,
Dayly cunningly we scatter;
Thus the old Saw,
Think wise as Law,
'Tis best for Knaves to Fish in troubled Water.

(2.)

Blow, Blow, *Faction*,
Bring it to Action.
Most Fools our Roguery will take for Zeal;
Swear tho' th' Army,
Now does Alarm ye,
Peace, yet no good has done the Common-weal;
Slight the Crown,
To please the Town;
And rail against the Court in each Quarter;
Else we forfeit our Ancient Charter,
London ever was Complaining;
Lose or Gain,
'Tis our Vein
And would be if a Cherubim were Reigning.

[Exit.
Gonz.

And would be if a Cherubim were reigning. [Exit.]

Gonz. So, he is not ashamed to discover the true Factious Humour, I see.

Diego. Oh that's a stubborn Cuckold, I warrant him.

Dæmon. The next will be an Emblematick Dance, expressing the Humours of two Parties in a certain Northern Kingdom known by the Name of the *High Flyers* and the *Low*; at the end of which is a Satyrical Song perform'd by *Moderation*, express'd in the Figure of a true-hearted English Countrey-Gentleman. [Dance here of High-Flyers and Low.]

SONG by MODERATION.

I.

WHAT are these Ideots doing
That daily their Feuds advance,
As if they were pursuing
New Ways to favour France.
For shame give over your Dance;
Your National Danger see:
Nor longer forfeit your Sense,
But agree, ye rash Britains, agree.

II.

Whilst strange and trivial Reasons
The Whimsical Brain allures,
You lose the Happy Season
That should encourage your Powers.
The Monsieur is at your Doors;
And if he received must be,
The Shame and Scandal is Yours:
Then agree, ye Rash Britains, agree.

III.

Ye Soaring High-flown People
In Politicks so profound;
You Climb so high on your Steeple
It makes your Brain turn round.

*Consider how you lose ground,
 If Foreigners Masters be;
 Whilst you with Maggots abound.
 Then agree, Silly Britains, agree.*

IV.

*And you whose senseless Fargon
 Contentious Night and Morn
 Declaims against an Organ,
 As 'twere a Sowguelde's Horn.
 Let Concords Power adorn
 Your Hearts, if wise you'll be;
 Nor longer merit a Scorn,
 But agree, Silly Britains, agree.*

V.

*'Tis known you are richly Landed, [to high Fl.
 And you have a Place at Court : [to low Fl.
 And you the Bank have Commanded, [to high Fl.
 And you have Two Ships in Port ; [to low Fl.
 Yet still ye reason Retort :
 As if ye ruin'd must be.
 'Tis all rank Folly in short ;
 Then agree, Silly Britains, agree.*

VI.

*Religion's Safety doubted,
 Still makes the Nation groan.
 You make such Stirrs about it,
 Some wise Heads think you have none :
 But all is for Interest done,
 As faith it likely may be.
 Let that Point stated, be known,
 And agree ye rash Britains, agree.*

[Exeunt Masquers.]

[Here the Bramin whispering something to Deviling,
 and the rest, they all rise and make a squawling
 Noise ; at which Gonzales and Diego start.]

Gonz. Bless us! what's the meaning of this Sweet Angel?

Dæmon. The malicious *Bramin*, I find, is striving to expel the good Humour that Musick generally raises in 'em; and has some greater Mischief brooding in his Head than ordinary, by their going off so abruptly. You must obey; but I'll go with you to discover their Designs; and there, as here, be diligent to serve ye.

Gonz. Eternal Blessings crown ye. ---Come *Diego*.

Diego. Come *Diego*, Come *Ostrich*, ---oh heavenly World in the Sun; Come *Ostrich*, as I said before, Trott on, with a murrain t'ye. [*Exeunt Deviling, Bellygorge, and the rest; and the Solars drive out Gonzales and Diego, as before.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Province in the Kingdom of the Sun.

Enter Solars bringing in Gonzales and Diego.

Gonz. Angel, my Life, my Comforter, where art thou?

Dæmon. Here, ready. [*Dæmon Appears.*]

Gonz. Oh, what News, I beseech thee?

Dæmon. None, Friend, but what's unhappy. Yet you must hear it; The cruel Priest hating ye the more I suppose for your Science of Astrology, has now plainly told the Viceroy, that y' are a Man, and consequently a Monster dead in Law: And to add to his Malice, this Discovery was just now made, at an Audience given to Sir *Crane Talboy*, Ambassador from the Kingdom of the Birds; who, thro' Curiosity desiring a private View of you, and being gratify'd, has strangely accus'd ye of Murder upon one of the Brothers of *Plumply Lord Pheasant*, in your World of the Earth, with a vile Engine call'd a *Gun*; which being affirm-

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ed, the enrag'd Viceroy, to complement the Feather'd Monarch, his Neighbour, has assign'd ye over to the Embassador, who is besides the the Captain of his Guards, to be carry'd away and try'd there, and *Diego* too for being in Company.

Diego. Nay, *Diego* has kept him company to admirable purpose indeed : A Plague on such Companions.

Gonz. Prodigious Villain : Oh I am lost, dear Angel, unless thou givest me Hopes.

Dæmon. Your Stars are so Malevolent, they puzzle me ; for though I am a Spirit, I am bounded, and cannot hinder a Superiour Ordinance. However, I'll be near ye, and in what I can, serve ye, be assur'd.

Gonz. My only Comfort.

Diego. Now must this unfortunate Fool of a Philosopher, and I the tother Fool his Man, for killing a Pheasant, be eaten up by Crows, I warrant— Oh Horrible! [Weeps.

Enter Viceroy, Vicequeen, Deviling, Bellygorge, Sir Crane Tallboy, and Solars.

Belly. Come, my Lord, here are the Rascally Murderers.

Gonz. Bless me ! What a strange Embassador's here !

Diego. An Embassador,---- A Devil.

Dæmon. Oh, he's a prodigious huffing Wretch, and very proud of his Office ; but fear not, I'll stand by ye still.

Gonz. My delicious Blessing.

Dæmon. The *Bramin* has receiv'd an Order from the Viceroy for your Passport to your Trial in the Kingdom of the Birds, and is to be your Interpreter before their Sovereign : The Charge will be made in your own Language, that you may the better defend your selves ; But he being your Enemy, you may judge what Justice you are like to have.

Diego. Oh Fortune, Fortune, Was ever any poor Devil so persecuted ! Had I stuck to my first Employment, the Plough, how happy had been my Days : Nay, had I serv'd a Dagling Lawyer, a Stockjobbing Citt, or a wholesale Horridan, I had certainly come to some Preferment : But to follow a Wit, [Weeps.] a Philosopher, one that is climbing the Devil knows where, into the Sun ; one that studies the
Na

Nature of * Ma * Ma * Magots , and Hum--- Hum--- Humble-bees; What could I expect but the Mischief that has fallen? [Diego howls out.

Gonz. Now, Dear Angel, what must I do?

Dæmon. Be patient, and rely on my Assistance.

Viceroy. *Regoldin debit Ango.* [To Bellygorge.

Belly. My Lord Embassador, the Viceroy lets you know by me, your Suit is granted; he also recommends himself to his Majesty your Master, with assurance also to oblige you particularly; that these Monsters of the World of the Earth, vulgarly called Men; shall be forthwith dispatch'd to their Trial to receive proper Punishment.

Dæmon. You may observe my Lord answers him with Nods and Whispers, the political way of the Birds, when they are upon any grand Business.

Belly. He says, Sir, the King his Master shall be told this Courtesie, who now as a Mark of singular Amity, has sent your Highness a hundred of his Swans and Brantgeese, the fattest of his Slaves, to Regale with. [Bellygorge whispers Viceroy.

Viceroy. *Voludo morli Kidulgo vosse.*

Belly. His Highness thanks you, my Lord; and wills ye to order your Guards to take away the Monsters who are here attending. And Madam, to you his smooth-plum'd Majesty, presents in a Purse here made of a *Phænix* Skin, a dozen of Frogs pulchritudinous, of Value inestimable, which being dry'd, beaten to a Powder, and drunk in Mornings Dew, have Vertue to renew Youth and Beauty. He also sends ye a wonderful Eagle's Stone, that will keep your Highness from miscarrying, and make ye prolifick at five hundred years of Age. [Bellygorge whispers Vicequeen.

Vicequeen. *Himeli Buz polligarmi, yowl nockta il de Lano, demogulfo Zaly.*

Belly. Her Highness says, she's infinitely oblig'd; and in return sends his Majesty a dozen of her flourish'd waiting Females for his Stallion Ostriches to get Monsters on for his hunting Sport in Winter. [Sir Crane nods a Congé.

Devil. *Trigulchi dormor boli boek molificambo.*

Belly.

46 *The Wonders of the Sun, or,*

Belly. Count *Deviling* his Highnesses Favourite and Foot-tickler, wishes ye Health, my Lord, and speedy Revenge upon your Enemies; he thanks your Lordship. [*to Sir Crane he nods.*] Wheiw Serjeant *Eagle*, and Corporal *Vulture*; haste away with these Rogues.----Hoh----Men,----What, you are a Man, are ye Sirrah? They'll unman ye presently, Rogue. [*to Diego.*]

Diego. Oh, Gadzookes, this Longshank'd Devil will have no mercy. Captain, do they call him? Dsheart what would I give to get him cashier'd; for he'll make no more of me than he would of a Frog: I shall be but a Mouthful, I see by him.

Dæmon. I see they are preparing for the Trial with solemn Inveteracy: Another musical Entertainment will therefore now be necessary to mollifie the Humour, and abate the Rigour of the intended Execution. *Diego* Come, I know you can sing notably upon Occasion; you had best therefore exert your self now: You You hear the Threatning ---- No less than Emasculating--From which cruel Design, nothing will divert the *Bramin* and the rest, so well as a humorous Song. — Come any thing about the Country will do.

Diego. Sing!—— Oh bless me, I was never so out of Tune in my Life—— Besides, my Memory is grown so short with my Frights here, that I can remember nothing, but one about a Sow and Piggs.

Dæm. Oh! That, against the World.

Diego. Once in my Frolicksome Days, when I was in the Army, and almost starv'd, I stole a Pig, you must know; and running amongst my Crew to hide my self, adzooks the Sow follow'd and discover'd me. Upon which the Witty Rogue our Corporal, made a Song on't, and call'd the Tune *Piggs March*.

Dæmon. Oh, away with it, away with it; there's nothing better. [*Here Diego sings.*]

Diego

Diego Sings.

I.

L Ate as we march'd through Flanders
Dub dub a dub, dub a dub dub dub
Through Frosts and Snows
To charge our Foes

With hopes of Plunder bigg,
Trooping with Bold Commanders,
Tantarra rara Tantarra.

Hunger and Cold having made me bold,
In Knapsack I cram'd a Pigg.

Week Week Week squeak'd the Pig :

Ogh oh oh grunts the Sow :

And though swift away I flye,

Yet she gallop'd as fast as I.

II.

Scowring into an Alehouse,

Dub dub a dub dub a dub dub dub,

Where I for shot paid many a Pot,

And many had left on score

'Mongst my Comrades and Fellows ;

Tantarra rara Tantarra ;

Scarce with my Prize

Had I blest their Eyes,

But the Sow too was at the Door.

Weeck Weeck Weeck squeak'd the Pigg :

Oh ogh ogh, grunts the Sow.

Such Noise never heard before,

Set the House in a foul Uproar.

III.

Maudlin the Bouncing Ostress,

Dub dub a dub dub a dub dub dub

Puffing came

With a Face inflam'd,

*And as red as a Rump of Beef,
Threatning me with a Justice,
Tantarra rara Tantarra.
Till flat on th' ground
I ding'd her down
For daring to call me Thief.
Weeck Weeck Weeck
Loud she squeakt:
Then ogh, ogh, like the Sow,
Till at last in the woeful Fray
My Pigg too got quite away.*

So, very well ; you see this has caus'd some Delay however, and I'll prosecute it by a further Performance of Musick, which shall be Emblematicall still, and relating to your World ; because I know that Scene diverts 'em best: They have had Reflections on a Court, and City already ; these therefore shall be Figures representing the Humours and Vices of the Country.

Gonz. Oh how shall I express my Thanks, thou Quintessence of Goodness.

Dæmon. The first that appears, is *Sport*, express'd in the Figure of a Country Jockey, singing a Parallel between his Mistress and his Mare ; the Tune being made in imitation of her several Goings, Walk, Trott, Pace and Gallop.

Sport Enters and Sings.

I.

Sport. **W**HEN for the Air
I take my Mare,
And mount her first
She walks just thus :

Walk. Her Head held low,
And Motion slow,
With Nodding, Plodding,

Walk

Walk. *Wagging Foggling
Dashing Plashing
Snorting Starting,
Whimsically she goes.*

Trott. *Then Whip stirs up,
Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,*
Pace. *Ambling then, with easie Grace,
She wriggles like a Chairmans Pace
Her shuffling Steps
Regale my Hipps,*
Trott. *Till Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,
Brings on the Gallop,*
Gallop. *The Gallop, the Gallop,
The Gallop, and then a short Trott,
Trott, Trott, Trott;*
Gallop. *Straight agen up and down,
Up and down, Up and down,
Till she comes home with a Trott,
When Night dark grows.*

II.

*Just so Phillis
Fair as Lillies,*
Walk. *As her Face is :
Has her Paces;
And is bred too
Like my Padd too,
Nodding, Plodding,
Wagging, Foggling,
Lowting, Powting,
Sleeping, Peeping,
Artful are all her Ways.*

Trott. *Hearts Thump, Pit Pat,
Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,*
Pace. *Ambling then her Tongue gets loose,
I strove to stop it with the Clothes;
But all in vain,*
Trott. *She breaks the Rein,*

*And Inflam'd,**Untam'd,*Gallop. *It Gallops, it Gallops, it Gallops, it Gallops,*Trott. *Then Trott Trott, Trott, Trott,**Straight agen up and down*Gallop. *Up and down, up and down,**Till in a Pet with a Trott**Ends our Love Chase.*

Dæmon. The next is Innocence, a darling Country Ver-
tue, represented by a young Country Girl about Twelve,
or Thirteen, home-bred under the Mother; with *Maturity*
her Elder Sister more bold, and in great want of a Hus-
band.

Innocence Enters and Sings.

I.

Innocence. **I***N the Fields in Frost and Snows*
Watching late and early;
There I keep my Father's Cows,
There I milk'em yearly. [Mimicks a Cow's Low-
Booing here, Booing there, ing.
Here a Boo, there a Boo, every where a Boo.
We defie all Care and Strife
In a charming Country Life.

II.

Then at home amongst the Fowls,
Watching late and early:
There I keep my Father's Owls,
There I feed'em yearly. [Whoo, woo, mimicks an
Whooing here, Whooing there, Owl.
Here a Whoo, there a Whoo, every where a Whoo.
We defie all Care and Strife
In a Charming Country Life.

III.

*When we Summer Fleeces heap
Watching Late and Early;
Then I shear my Father's Sheep,
There I feed them yearly. [Bae, mimicks a Sheep:
Here a Ba, there a Ba,
Every where a Ba,
We defie all Care and Strife:
In a Charming Country Life.*

*Sport over hearing 'em, comes up to
'em; Maturity seeing him, begins
the Dialogue, and Sings.*

Matur. *O* *H Love, if a God thou wilt be,
Do Justice in favour of me;
For yonder approaching I see,
A Man with a Beard,
Who, as I have heard,
Has often undone
Poor Maids that have none,
With Lying and Toying,
And Sighing and Crying;
And such kind of Foolery.*

Sport. *Fair Maid by your leave,
My Heart does receive
Strange Pleasure to meet you here.
Oh tremble not so,
Nor offer to go:
I'll do ye no harm I swear;
I'll do ye no harm I swear.*

Matur. *My Mother is Spinning at home,
My Father works hard at his Loom,
And we here a milking are come.*

52 *The Wonders in the Sun, or,*

*Their Dinner they want;
Pray Gentleman don't
Make more ado on't,
Nor give us affront,
We're none of the Town;
We'll lye down for a Crown;
Then away Sir, give us Room.*

Sport.

*By Phæbus, by Jove,
By Honour, by Love,
I'll do ye, dear Sweet, no harm.
T'are fresh as a Rose,
I want one of those:
Ah how such a Wife would charm;
Ah how such, &c.*

Matur. *Why can you then like the old Rule,
Be Conjugal, Honest and Dull,
And marry and look like a Fool;
For I must be plain,
All tricks are in vain.
There's nothing can gain,
The Thing you'd obtain;
But Moving, and Proving
By Wedding true Loving,
My Lesson I learnt at School.*

Sport. *I'll do't by this Hand,
I've Houses, I've Land;
Estate too in good free hold.
My dear let us Joyn,
It all shall be thine,
Besides a good Purse of Gold. [gives a Purse*

Matur. *You make me to Blush now I vow,
Oh Lord, shall I balk too my Cow.
But Since the late Oath you have Swore:
Your Soul shall not be
In danger for me
I'll rather agree*

*Of two to make three.
We'll Wed and we'll Bed
There's no more to be said
And I'll ne'er go a Milking more.*

Both. *We'll Wed, &c.* [Throws down her Pail,
and goes with him.

Gonz. *Extreamly Naturally, and very Divertive.*

Diego. *Ah it may so, but that Long-shank'd Devil,
there stands too near me, to let me be diverted, Pox take
him.*

Dæmon. *These two that appear now Emblematically re-
present Rash Ignorance and Timerous Housewifery, exprest in
the Figures of a Pleasant new Listed, to go to the Wars,
and his Wife and three or four Brats following, she Crying
and Perswading him against it.*

*[This Dialogue is made to a Famous Se-
bel, of Seignour Baptift Lully.]*

DIALOGUE.

I.

Houfew. **P**Ray now John let Jug prevail.
D'off that Sword, and take a Flaile.
*Wounds and Blows with scorching Heat
Will abroad, be all you'll get.*

Ignoran. *Zooks y'are mad,
Ye simple Fade,
Begone, and don't prate.*

Houfew. *How, think ye I shall do
With Hob and Sue,*

Ignoran. *And all our Brats, when wanting you.
When I am rich with Plunder,
Thou my gain shalt share Jug.*

Houfew. *My Share,
Will be but small I fear,
When bold Dragoons have bin pickering there,
And the flea Flints the Germans strip 'em bare:*

Ignoran. *Mind your Spinning,
Mend your Linnen,
Look to your Chease too,
Your Pigs, and your Geese too.*

Houfew. *No, No,
I'll ramble out with you,*

Ignoran. *Blood and Fire,
If you tire,
Thus my Patience,
With Vexations,
And Narrations:
Thumping, Thumping is the fatal Word Joan.*

Houfew. *Do, do,
I am good at Thumping too.*

Ignoran. *Morbleau,
That Huff shall never do
[Here they stand in a Posture of
Fighting till the Brats Squawling round
'em, she crys and begins again.]*

(2)

Houfew. *Come, come John, let's Buss and Friends,
Thus still thus Love's Quarrel ends;
I my Tongue sometimes let run,
But alas I soon have done.*

Ignoran. *'Tis well y'are quasht.
You'd else been Thrasht
Sure as my Name's John.*

Houfew. *Tet, fain I'd know for what
I are all so hot.
To go to Fight, where nothing's got:*

Ignoran. *Fortune will be kind, and we shall then grow great too.*

Houfew. *Grow Great.
Tet want both Drink and Meat.*

And Coin unless the Pamper'd French you beat.

Ah take Care John, take Care, and Learn more Wit,

Ignoran. *Dare you Prate still*

At this rate still

And like a Vermin,

Grudg my Preferment.

Houfew. *You'll beg, or get a Wooden Leg.*

Ignoran. *Nay if Bawling,*

Caterwawling;

Tittle, tattle,

Prittle, Prattle,

Still must Rattle,

I'll begon, and Straight aboard, Faith;

Houfew. *Do, Do,*

And so shall Hob and Sue,

Jug too, and all the ragged Crew

[He runs off, and they after him.]

Gonz. 'Tis all. Seraphical and like your self, but what effects dear Angel has it wrought? what are they concluding on now?

[Viceroy and the rest rise and seem to consult.]

Dæm. The Viceroy, is Inclined to Pitty, but the Revengeful Crane stills pursues him upon his promise of Honour to have you try'd, which being upon a national Accompt I fear must proceed. And see they are preparing to Convey ye into the Kingdom of the Birds; but be Couragious for wherever you go I follow.

Gonz. My Life's chief Happiness adieu.

Diego. My Hearts quite sunk in my Belly; oh, for another precious Bowl of Ignominious now,

Or some dear Slice of a fat Venison Haunch,

To cheer my Heart that is crept down to my Pauch,

[Exeunt Sir Crane, drawing out Gonzales and Diego]

The End of the second Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Province in the Kingdom of the Birds.*

A Symphony of Flutes and Flajolets are heard, Sir Crane brings in Gonzales and Diego.

Gonz. **H**OW Charming would this Musick sound to those whose Hearts are Merry, and at Liberty, but alas to me 'tis like the Passing Bell, the Fatal Morning, that Toll-Offenders to their Execution.

Diego. Ah, would to Heaven, you had been toll'd thither seven Years ago, then I had not been with ye now, to hear this Whistling Consort: Ah, Gadzooks are there no scraps of Justice in a Place so near Heaven, if there are, sure one little Tiny-crum-on't, will drop into my Mouth, at last; for that the Man should be punish'd at the Gallows, because the Master is Mad and deserves to be Hang'd, is very hard.

Enter Dæmon.

Dæmon. Through *Radiant* Plains of everlasting Day, and untrod Paths of Light, I have follow'd thee *Gonzales*, to assist thee in this dangerous Turn of Fortune: What Cheer my Friend, how Beats thy Pulse now? Ah,

Gonz. Ah, my Life's dear Guardian, methinks now you are here, my Heart has Warmth again, and active Motion which, lately like a worn-out Clock, had none.

Diego.

Diego. For my part I am quite Dead in all things but my Tongue, nor would that I believe wag neither if twere not warmed by my Rage to vent a Curse or two, now and then upon that plaguy Star-gazer.

Dæmon. Rage here is as bad as Blasphemy. This is the Dominion of Harmony and Peace; not a Word more of that therefore *Diego*, on your Life, you now are brought into the Antichamber of the King's Pallace: This Musick declares the Monarch near: And see, the Principal Nobility appear to attend him at your Tryal; the Court will Sit immediately. I'll give ye their Names and Nature.

Lord Raven, and Lord Cockerel appear, Staring on Gonzales and Diego.

Cocker. Cockadoodle doo. [Crowing]

Dæmon. You must know there are here as in your World two great Parties, which are distinguished here by the High-Flyers and the Low, of which Croake, Lord *Raven*, and Strut, Lord *Cockerel* are principal; the first is Chancellour and now President of the Court; the other, the King's high Constable and Warden of the Forrests: They are of Natures quite different, the one Generous and Valiant to that Degree, none of his Race leave off the Fight till Death, when combatting for Honour or a Female; but the Raven there is of a nature Tyrannous and Bloody; a Lover of Rapine and Cruelty, and your Inveterate Enemy. I heard him call ye Rogues as ye came in.

Diego. Ay, would I had him on our Common at home, and a good Gun in my Hand; I'd reward him for his Good Language.

Gonz. Barbarous Wretch! I never shot any of his Tribe that I know of, unless once when I was a Boy, for some Quills to make Pens.

No, No, I have found out his Reason: 'Tis the noble Design he has to have our Carcasses for Carrion, makes him so angry. His Lordship has a longing Mind to be upon the Bones of us; that's all.

58 *The Wonders of the Sun, or,*

Sir Prattler Parrot, Sir John Daw, Sir Chatter Jay, Sir Robert Redbreast, Mr. Baron Widgeon, and Mr. Justice Cuckoo appear.

Dæmon. The next are *Sr. Prattler Parrot*, the King's favourite Historian: And he on his right Hand, is Secretary *Redbreast*; those are Low Flyers.

Diego. *Sr. Robert Redbreast*, I suppose.

Dæmon. The same.

Dieg. I thought so; I have had the Honour heretofore to be very intimate with some of his Family. There's one of his Relations that has carried away many a good Lump of Butter out of our Dairy at home.

Dæmon. And they look on ye with an Eye of Compassion: then those that follow are *Mr. Baron Widgeon*, and *Mr. Justice Cuckoo*; two Judges accompanied with *Sir. John Daw*, and *Sr. Chatter Jay*, two Roguish Lawyers, Counsel for the Plaintiff against ye; whose Souls lie in their Purses, that is, their Crows, who long as much to be pecking out your Eyes, and dragging at your Guts, as the President *Raven* for his Heart.

Gonz. And yet I have fed many of 'em with good green Cheese; nay, after they Rob'd me too.

Diego. I fancy I see 'em hawling my Puddings already as our Plaguy *Jack-daw* us'd to do when we had a *Hog* killed at Home.

Dæmon. But here follows the strangest Creature of all, one *Sr. Epicene Bat*, he's a Trimmer between both Parties, parcel Bird, parcel Beast; a strange Monster; there is no Body knows what to make of him.

Gonz. They seem to be very busie in Discourse what is it they are talking on?

Dæmon. Why the Lawyer *Daw*, like the rest of his ill-natur'd Tribe, is rating the *Parrot* for his Compassion to ye; and the other who is a Wit, you must know by his Place, says, he'll tell the King what a Pack of Rogues he has for his Counsel, and that if he would not have his Court all go to the Devil, he must clear it of the Lawyers that are in it.

Sr. Prat.

Sir Prat. Oh! rare Parrot, Parrot's a Bird for the King: a Cup of Sack for Parrot, quick, quick, quick.

Dæmon. 'Tis some Comfort however to find ye have one Friend among them.

Gonz. Ah, but amongst so many Enemies alas what can one do.

Diego. Would that merry gentle Bird, had not nam'd a Cup of Sack, it puts one to in Mind of former Comforts that 'tis a double punishment; my Heart akes and my Mouth waters at the same Time.

Enter Sir Owl Moufer and Magpie.

Dæmon. Here comes more, the first is the reverend Prelate *Magpie*, Abbot of *Buzardland* and *Woodcocks*; a Bird of great Authority here, and teaches as a Guide uncontroll'd, a Hodg podg Doctrine, Stolen from the *Greek*, *Arrian* and *Mahometan*, mixt with a Relish of your modern *Phanatick* and *Philadelphian*: The other is *Sir Owl Moufer*, another Lawyer, very Wise you may see by his Phiz; he's a great Conveyancer too, and the Devil at a knotty Point, he'll be Chancellor, very suddenly, for *Raven* there 'tis say'd will be turn'd out, he is in great Favour with King *Dove*; and mightily Respected.

Gonz. King *Dove*, blefs me, what is a poor weak *Pigeon* then, the King here, I thought the Eagle always had the Sovereignty.

Dæmon. Oh, that suits with the Judgment of your own World still, to suffer Tyranny from the Greatest, Strongest and most Cruel; but the Politiques here are quite different: for a chosen Committee of the wisest Birds here, elect the Mildest and most Peaceable for their King; and every three years change as you your Parliament: He's suspected to be a Favourer of the Low Flyers Party, and therefore mightily Belov'd.

Diego. Lord, to see what strange Changes there are in ones Life: Little did I think that King *Pigeon* when I have so often Quarter'd some of his Majesty's Family, should ever have Power to cause me to be Hang'd my self; but no one knows what he may come too.

60 *The Wonders of the Sun, or,*

Dæmon. And this Election of the weakest Bird is made, because he should neither hate, nor be hated of any ; and the meanest Subject amongst 'em, who has bin wrong'd by him, may take his Revenge: The Eagle, is but a Scoundrel Serjeant here, and his Strength and Power priz'd for nothing, but to seize and bring Criminals to Justice. But hark this second Musick gives [*Flourish again of Flajolets.* Information that the Court is Set, and the King present. 'Tis the Custom here, to have this charming Entertainment before Tryals of Life and Death, to soften the Minds, and disarm the Prejudice of the Prisoners Adversaries.

Diego. Great Courtesy truly ; first we are to hear a Song, and then we are to be Sacrific'd. The Devil take it, I hate Musick at such an unseasonable Time: This comes near one of the Follies of our World too ; our poor Rogues are serv'd much at this Rate, first they are made to Sing a Psalm of Joy, and then they are Hang'd.

Scene discovers a pleasant large Grove with number of all sorts of Birds upon Trees, and Rank'd in order like a Court of Judicature: King Dove in the middle standing upon the low Trunk of an Oak; guarded on each side by an Eagle and Vulture; then rang'd on each side Raven, Cockerel, Moufer Daw, Jay, Pheasant, Parrot, Magpie, Cuckoo, Widgeon. They place Gonzales and Diego on each side the King, Dæmon stands by invisible over against Bellygorge.

[*The Genii of two Turtles prepare to Sing.*

Dæmon. These two *Turtles*, who by their *Genii*, assuming your human Figures; are order'd to Sing a Musical Satyr, in Reference to your Charge, against Mankind in general: Observe with Patience, the Figures Emblematically Express Love and Amity.

Song

Song in two Parts.

W *Hilst mortal Slaves below
Drudg on for Odious Gold,
The Cause of endless Woe;
For which is Bought and Sold;
Fair Conscience, and religious Awe;
The plain Man's Truth, the Wiseman's Law;
And every boasted Gift beside
That fills the human Soul with Pride;
How happy, ah, how blest are We,
That Live untainted in Integrity.*

*No vain ambition Fires our Souls
To add new Kingdoms to our Crown;
No slavish Fear our Hearts Coutrouls,
Dejected, by the great ones Frowns:
No brawling Fairs about Estate
From their serene Content can draw
The Turtle and his loving Mate;
Amongst the Lime-twiggs of the Law..
How happy, &c.*

Dæm. Rally your Spirits now, and answer the *Bramin* boldly, who is order'd to be Councel for the King's Interpreter, you not understanding their croaking, chattering and whispring Language; but what ever you do, be sure you deny that ye are a Man.

Gonz. A thousand thanks, dear Angel; I will remember.

Dæmon. Diego, be sure to take Care that he does not Pump nor Trap ye with Cross-questions, for *Faw* and *Daw* are plaguy cunning Rogues and have more mind to your Guts than your good Deliverance.

Diego. Pox on 'em, in our World, the Guts of ones Purse would Bribe a Lawyer, but here nothing will do but the Guts in ones Belly; we have mended the matter finely; oh, rare World in the Sun.

62 *The Wonders in the Sun, or,*

Gonz. The King makes a Motion, what does that mean, I beseech ye?

Demon. Oh, he now bids the Counsel speak by their Interpreter, and give their Reasons, first why the Plaintiff accuses ye for Men; and see he is going to answer.

Belly. Hem, hem, may it please you Majesty, the first valuable Reason is, as I am well inform'd, because the Honourable *Cackle*, Brother to the Lord *Pheasant* here, being then in the World below, travelling, visiting some Friends, and seeing Fashions, accompanied by the King's two Learned Physicians, *Dr. Schriech-Owle* and *Dr. Ninnyhammer*, the Murder was committed on him by these two, bearing the Names of Men; and then the second is, that they are certainly so, because they always walk upright, with Face erect, which no Creatures of any kind besides do. [Jay
whispers Bellygorge.

Diego. Oh would I had been a Baboon in reality.

Belly. Thirdly, because they laugh and make ridiculous Grimaces, like Fools when any thing pleases 'em. [Daw
whispers him.

Ginz. Alas! 'tis natural.

Belly. Fourthly, because they weep like Sots when any thing hurts or offends 'em. [Jay *whispers*.

Diego. Oh, who can forbear, oh, oh.

Belly. Fifthly, because they blow their Noses like nasty Rascals.

Diego. Never not I, I never did that.

Belly. And as Interpreter to the Court I make this Addition, Sixthly, That these are Fools call'd Men, because they alway carry a number of little square Bones in their Mouth, which they have neither the Wit to spit out nor swallow down.

Gonz. Bless me! what a fenceless Charge is here to take ones Life?

Dæmon. They believe it, otherwise these Reasons seem to them very Authentick.

Diego. I had three of my Teeth broke out Yesterday by Chance, if they had been all clear'd, I find now it had done me considerable Service.

Dæmon.

Dæmon. The King makes another Motion that you plead for your selves.

Belly. Hold up your Fore-foot, in your Dialect call'd the Hand, and answer to his Sacred Majesty King *Dove*, Are ye the Monsters call'd Men, or are ye not?

Both. Not, Not, Not.

Belly. What are ye then?

Dæmon. Tell him ye are Apes, and debauch'd in your Infancy to stand upright being sold to Strangers.

Gonz. I am an Ape, and please ye, begot in *France*.

Diego. And I a Baboon his Man.

Belly. How! how, Sirrah, his Man?

Diego. His Pug, I mean his Pug, his Pug, Sir. O Lord I'm so confounded I know not what I say.

Belly. I shall Trap the Rogues, you are French Apes are you? But please your Majesty, we can prove that the Apes of *France* are quite another Species, brisk, active, and airy, therefore 'tis my fix'd Opinion they are Men, and as such, being found above here, according to our general Law, without troubling the Court with the second Plea of Murder, they ought to be condemn'd for that.

Dæmon. The King makes another Motion for your defending your selves, now speak boldly.

Gonz. So please your Majesty and this honourable Court, I insist I am no Man, but an Ape, though degenerated from kind, being stolen away from my Parents in my Infancy.

Diego. And I was chain'd in Kitchen Chimney Corner by those that stole me, and us'd there to crack Nuts and play with the Children. [Daw whispers.

Belly. Who learnt you this human Language, pray Friend, do Apes use to speak.

Gonz. Speak, Sir, why look ye, Sir---speak, Sir---speak Sir. [Stammers.

Belly. Ay speak, Sir, do Apes speak, Sirrah, Rogue, Villain, Murderer? I'll roar at him to confound his Intellects. [aside.

Diego. So they have gravell'd the Philosopher already, I must help him out at a pinch; Speak, Sir, why Sir, we all can speak, Sir, but we never do, because we won't work.

64 *The Wonders in the Sun, or*

Belly, Hang ye lazy Rogue; is that all you can say for your self? Come to Sentence, to Sentence.

[*Here they all make a noise.*

Which pursuant to the Law, and to make our Justice more Remarkable, is, that these Monsters call'd Men, be carry'd to the place from whence they came, and from thence to the place of Execution, and there be bound to a Tree; remain till they are Devour'd and Eaten by Gnats and Flies, which in contempt of their Boasted privilege of Humanity are the smallest Creatures that bear Wings.

Dæmon. The King withdraws to Consider a while before he gives Sentence: Your Friend the *Parrot* is gone in with him, there's some hopes yet; tho' I find they are very Inveterate against ye. [** Sobbing.*

Diego. I find * I am within a few Minutes of being * *Hawk's Meat*: if the King alters the Sentences of the Flies, they are like to fall into the *Pheasants* and your Share.

Belly. This Rogue is in very good Case enough, I intend to make a hearty Supper, with ye, [*aside to Sir Owl and Jay passing by.*

Diego. The Devil Choak ye. [*Howling.*

Belly. This old Rascal will go down but Tough, do ye har Brother? we had best have him Parboild. [*Exeunt.*

Gonz. Oh! that ever I was born.

A Sweet Symphony of brisk Musick sounds and then Gonzales and Diego start.

Dæmon. Cheer up my Friend, these Sounds prepare good News, and are never heard but something of Joy follows; here comes Sir *Pratler Parrot*, I'll be visible to him, and try to make a good Conclusion of your Affair. [*He whispers Dæmon.*

Enter Sir Pratler Parrot.

Sir Pratler. Oh rare *Parrot*, *Parrot*, *Parrot's* a Bird for the King; a Cup of Sack for *Parrot*, quick, quick, quick.

Dæmon.

Dæmon. Don't you remember that Note, *Gonzales*? Have you forgot your old Acquaintance *Cæzar*, your Brothers Parrot in your World, who every Day you us'd to feed and Play with; and for which kind Act he has now got your Pardon of his Master King Dove, in spite of your Enemies.

Gonz. Happiness unlook'd for, is this, my dear Friend *Cæzar*, whom we lost? [Sir Pratler *whispers.*

Sir Prat. He says he is, and hopes he has now prov'd so, both to you and honest *Diego* there.

Diego. Ah! Sir, Heaven bless your good Worship, you have done me a notable Courtesie introth, you have made me full amends for the Pudding and Carrots I us'd to give ye when you hung up in our Hall Window.

Sir Prat. A Cup of Sack for Parrot, quick, quick, quick.

Dæmon. He says that's all he can speak of your Language, but if you will oblige him, being a great lover of humerous Musick, and remembring *Diego* us'd to chant out a comical Ditty upon his scolding Wife *Mundunga*, he desires to hear it.

Diego. Ay, with all my Heart tell him,---adzooks, I'm in a better cue by half for chanting then I was last time, hem, hem.

Diego's second Song.

I.
Mundunga was as feat a Jade
 As ere was in our Town
 And I a lusty lively Lad
 As e'er mow'd Clever down
 So close three Tears we ty'd the knot.
 Our panting Hearts went pit a pat,
 Pit a pat, pit a pat:
 And both so pleas'd with you know what,
 We thought of nothing else.
 Whilst ding, ding, ding dong, whim, whim, whim,
 Wham, ding, ding, ding dong, rung the Bells.
 K II. Sure

66 *The Wonders of the Sun, or*

II.

*Our Sugar Kisses bonny Words
We never thought too much;
I dare be sworn no Knights or Lords,
E'er gave their Ladies such.
To Plough went I, to Spin went she,
Oh how the days ran merrily,
Merrily, merrily, merrily,
Our Joy, since greater none could be,
Fame round the Country tells.
Sing ding.ding,ding dong,whim,whim,whim,wham.*

III.

*Rare Times were these; but ah how soon
Do Wedlocks comforts fall,
The days that then were hony Moon,
Are Wormwood now and Gall.
Her Tongue Clacks lowder than a Mill.
No longer do we Cooe and Bill;
But Fangle like two Feinds of Hell
Broke out from flaming Cells.
And ding, dong, ding,whim,wham.
Ding dong, ding dong.
No longer Ring the Bells.*

Dæmon. Very well, he thanks ye; and now in Honour of my learned Philosopher he intends to entertain ye with some Diversion, to let ye see what Sport the Birds have in their Kingdom, and that you may see the greatest in Office here are most gay and divertive, *Sir Owl Mouser* the King's Attorney-General, with his Favourite the Parrot, will present ye with a Dance after the French manner in your World; and whilst this is performing, I'll go and prepare the *Ganza's*, the Season being now proper for their Flight. This is the Crisis of your good Fortune, therefore be ready and be thankful. [*Dance here of Birds.*] [*Exit Dæmon and enter presently.*]

Gonz. I am so overjoy'd, I cannot speak, dear Angel.

Dæmon. Now the next that entertains ye is a *Blackbird*, the Emblem of Jollity and Contentment, who by his Geni-

us also assuming a human Figure, descants on his own Freedom and Happiness here in the Region of the *Sun*, and satyrically rallies on the Vices of your under World.

Enter the *Genius* of a *Blackbird* and
Sings.

I.

Blackbird **W**hilst Content is wanting
In the World below;
We in freedom chanting
Lifes true pleasure know
Cloy'd, with care and duty
To Superiour Sway,
They ne're see the Beauty
Of one happy Day;
Profits Golden Follies
Half the Globe Infest;
Faction, Pride, and Malice
Governs all the rest.
Whilst in eternal Day; Terry, terry, rerry, rerry,
Hey, Terry terry, Sings the Blackbird;
Ah! what a World have they?

II.

Giant-Limb'd Ambition,
Like a Tyrant Reigns;
Forming new Division
Hourly, in their Brains.
Sometimes Peace Enjoying,
Some They a League begin;
But one Monarch's Dying
Breaks 'em all again.
Then the grave State-menders
For Religion Fight:

68 *The Wonders of the Sun, or,*

*Tho' the hot Pretenders
never had a doit;
Whilst here in lasting day; Terry, &c.*

III.

*Warriorus all are Princes,
When their Aid they want;
Armies for Defences,
present Pay they grant.
But the Work once ended,
They the Chiefs disown;
Who in haste disbanded,
Loudly are cry'd down.
Thus Uncur'd they Nourish
Whimseys worse Disease,
Whither Lose or Flourish,
Never are at Ease.
Whilst here in lasting day; Terry, &c.*

IV.

*The fat Pamper'd City.
Grumbling at the Tax,
Think to Stint, 'tis pitty,
Bellies or their Backs.
The Rich Country Booby
Brooding o'er his Ground,
Low'rs, and wondrous Moody,
Grudges four in the Pound.
Gospel Fermentation, banters all our Souls;
And to Fire the Nation,
Blackcoats blow the Coals.
Whilst here in lasting day,
Terry, terry, terry, rerry, Sings the Blackbird.
Oh! what a World have they.*

Here a Comical Dance of Birds and other Creatures
is perform'd, which ended, the Machine with the
Ganza's appears, and Gonzales gets into it with
Diego.

Dæmon. The last for your Farewel, is the Genius of a Nightingale, who singing in Praise of Loyalty, finishes the Sport in a *Chorus*, address'd as a Mirrour to shew the Blessing your World at present enjoys, and especially one particular Government.

Nighting. *Jug, Jug, Jug, Jug, Jug, Jug,*
The Jolly, Jolly Phillomel
Upon the Hawthorn Sings;
Happy we, that Worlds excel
In all true Pleasures brings;
Tet one Island lies below
Who did they but the Blessing know;
They reap by glorious Means;
Would raise their Tuneful Voices high,
And never cease this Song of Joy,
Long live the best of Queens.

Chorus of Birds. Tet one Island, &c.

Dæmon. Prosper your Voyage now my good Gonzales, farewell for ever, and when some times you have an Hour of Leisure, think on your Friend the Spirit of *Socrates*.

Gonz. That I'll not fail to do, my glorious Angel, and ever bless the Occasion.

Diego. Farewel t'ye, good Sir, dear *Glorificabilus*, adieu; and if ever you catch me arguing the Case again with your *Ravens*, your *Daws*, and your *Owls*, or ever seeking Fruit in your Land of *Artificials*, I'll give you leave with a natural Brickbat to beat out the rest of my Teeth that are yet unbroken.

[The Machine moves off.]

Dæmon. Now then for Earth, and let Immortal Fame.
Renown amongst great Enterprizes done,
Gonzales and his Passage to the Sun.

Exit.

The Epilogue.

Begun by Mrs. Porter, the Parrot standing by.

TO both the Poles our Fancies yearly run.
To please ye, all things in this World we've done,
And now to find new Matters, search the Sun.
Brutes in all kinds our Drama oft affords,
But now We turn the Species into Birds;
To raise your Pleasures do mirac'low things:
Owls we great Lawyers make, and Pidgeons, Kings.
And yet methinks I doubt Success to day.
Well, then Gallants, t'engage another Way;
Come, pritty Poll, let's hear what you can say.
Nay, I must strip in part your Feather'd Case.
Speak out, and shew these Criticks a new Face.

Takes off the Parrot's Head Covering, and then a young Girl
shews her Face.

Girl. I'll do my best, and yet am half afraid:
See, Gentlemen, the strangest thing e'er play'd,
A prattling Parrot turn'd into a Maid.
A Maid: d'ye mind me? (for I'm taught to know
That's thought a Wonder here too, as times go.)
Who 'mongst the various kinds this Throng affords
Believes there needs must be a sort of Birds
Mixt with the Beaus, Citts, Ladies, Knights and Lords.
Starlings I find already, Wagtails too I see,
But ne'er a Parrot pearching, but poor me.
Stay, there's a dabling Woodcock tho' I vow,
A Woodcock did I say? Cry mercy, No,
I begg his Peruke's pardon; 'Tis a Beau.

Yon-

The EPILOGUE.

Yonder's a Snipe too who low Plash admires ;
A Rook too, and a Hawk : Those are High-Fliers ;
Bless me ! and now I look about, With these
Some Ducks too quack, nor does there want some Geese.
Then higher, there I vads, I think's an Owl, Looking to the
D'slife, and a Cuckoo, sitting Cheek by Jole. Gallery
That Region always breeds such kind of Fowl.
But hold ! What's yonder in that Glorious Sphear ? Looking to
Oh, those must needs be Swans, they are so fair. the Boxes
If part of them were swimming in the Thames,
Lord ! How some here, I need not tell their Names,
Would run and plunge, not fearing Cold or Cough,
And dive to pull their mourning Stockings off.
Those Charming Rows, since Beauty all must guide,
I beg to range upon our Author's side.
Be you but kind, Bright Goddesses, and then
The rest we're sure of, whether Birds or Men.

The END.



D'Urfey, Thomas,

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